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MUSCLE SHOALS promises to produce one of the major scandals of the present Congress and Administration in Washington. The bill which was passed by the Senate on March 8 ends all possibility of government operation, or even regulation, of this tremendously important water-power and authorizes a congressional committee to receive and report by April 26 bids for leasing Muscle Shoals to a private enterprise. The intention is to grant a lease before the adjournment of the present session of Congress. The House has already passed the same measure, except for a few amendments introduced by the Senate, and President Coolidge is of course more than ready to sign almost any bill betraying the great national development in Alabama into the hands of the power interests. The one hope now seems to be that in a wrangle between the House and the Senate over the latter's amendments the measure may get side-tracked. The scandal of the proposed action is the greater because of the suppression of the report of the congressional commission appointed last year. This commission was picked with a view to obtaining a report against government ownership, but somehow it proved to be unexpectedly independent and reported in favor of such a solution. The report has never been heard of since.

A COMPLETE COLLAPSE of the Government's case was the only result of its endeavor to vacate the habeas corpus writ issued in the case of the Countess Cathcart. Its attorneys admitted that she had not been guilty of moral turpitude, since adultery is no crime in South Africa, and when the court asked if they had anything to offer to sustain the Department of Labor's contention that her case came under the law, they could only reply No—in utter confusion. Thereupon Judge Bondy gave the freedom of our shores to the Countess, precisely as this journal has pointed out would have to be done, and the Department of Labor stands convicted of incredible stupidity. But is it content with being thus disgraced? Not at all. In the absence of the Secretary, the Assistant Secretary—with the interesting name of Husband—announces that it will carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States in order, we presume, that the department's stupidity, its prying into the private morals of visitors to this country, and its deliberate misinterpretation of the law shall be denounced by the highest court in the land. Entirely revealing is the statement made by the Assistant Secretary that for nineteen years the department has been pursuing this illegal policy—during which hundreds of poor and untitled women have, we suppose, been excluded—and its impudent and unblushing assertion that in doing so it has upheld American standards of morals against the European! Only Bernard Shaw's pen could do justice to this disgusting bit of self-complacency, holier-than-thou-ness, and hypocrisy.

ON MARCH 2 the cause of militant labor was tremendously advanced by the police of Passaic, New Jersey. On that day those worthy guardians of the peace, who had been systematically interfering with strikers' parades and assemblies, committed an error of judgment and assaulted New York newspaper men and women who were present. They struck and knocked down reporters of both sexes and deliberately smashed two motion-picture cameras and half a dozen "still" cameras—by way of proving their respect for law and the sacred right of private property. That put a different face on the matter in the eyes of every managing editor in New York. For once they became eager to face the facts as to the tyrannization of mill-town officials over labor to which they had shut their eyes, or which they had misrepresented or suppressed, these many years. The day after this happening the Passaic and Garfield strikers marched again, a woman with a baby-carriage leading, a hundred strikers wearing steel helmets and carrying gas masks, the intrepid reporters making themselves safe for publicity in armored cars or by flying overhead! This time the police used neither tear bombs nor firehose to deprive the strikers of their rights. Other facts of this strike we set forth elsewhere.

THE TRIAL in Brockton, Massachusetts, of Anthony Bimba, a communist editor of Brooklyn, on charges of blasphemy and sedition, is over. The charges grew out of an address delivered by Mr. Bimba before a meet-

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ing of Lithuanians in Brockton. The blasphemy charge was brought under a 300-year-old Puritan statute, and thus attracted much newspaper interest as an apparent attempt to revive the old-time blue laws. In point of fact it was not taken seriously by either prosecution or defense and was of little consequence in comparison with the charge of sedition, based under one of the numerous similar statutes enacted in a majority of our States during or after the World War in an epoch of public panic and reaction. Every one of these laws is contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution, and there will be no safety for democracy in this country until they are repealed. Mr. Bimba was acquitted of blasphemy but convicted of sedition. Yet the judge himself showed his contempt for the folly and uselessness of the sedition law when he fined the prisoner $100. How ridiculous, if Mr. Bimba was actually guilty of an effort to overthrow the government, to visit upon him a punishment similar to that which he would have received for carrying a flask of whiskey in his hip-pocket!

AS WE GO TO PRESS the League of Nations is in the throes of the most dangerous crisis in its history, complicated by the fall of the Briand Ministry and by the shifting policy of the Baldwin Government necessitated by Sir Austen Chamberlain's taking his position in regard to the increase of the Council prior to action by his associates and in opposition to British public sentiment. There was something almost childish in the situation at Geneva when the session opened. Germany was demanding her seat in the Council all by herself and threatening to take her dolls and go home if another country were admitted to the sacred Council at the same time, thus tarnishing her prestige. Poland was insisting on simultaneous election with Germany and prophesying the collapse of her Government otherwise. France was backing Poland and threatening to black-ball Germany if Poland were turned down, while Sweden was upholding Germany and promising to block everything with her one vote if Poland should be admitted even with Germany's consent. China, Brazil, and Spain were also demanding Council seats and threatening to withdraw from the League itself if denied; Brazil and Uruguay were opposing Spain's entry, while Chile and the Central American republics were supporting Spain. The Argentine, finally, was threatening to withdraw if the Council were enlarged beyond one seat! Could anything be more petty? Of course what has set English opinion of all shades against the enlargement of the Council is the fact that if it is enlarged by the addition of both Germany and Poland there will be reestablished the old and murderous European balance of power. Certainly nothing could have happened to bear out more clearly the contentions of those opponents of the League, like ourselves, who have pointed out that the veto power exercised by each member of the Council was a fatal handicap to the amending of the Covenant and to the proper working of the Council.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS of the Briand Cabinet which gave up office on March 6 lay in the same cause—the fact that Briand is not a financier. Having no fiscal program of his own, he left it to Parliament to work out one in conjunction with his Minister of Finance. Thus, in the early stages of formulating the measure, Briand could not be voted out of office on its account. But as the bill took shape the Government gradually stood committed to what had been done, and, as this was not wholly acceptable to any group, the Chamber of Deputies, in a moment of dissatisfaction and annoyance, finally voted Briand out of office. The moment was a most unfortunate one from the standpoint both of French domestic interests and the success of the League of Nations meeting at Geneva. Yet we believe that France, as we recently said, is in a more hopeful position than last year, because then her people were opposed to drastic fiscal measures and Parliament dared not proceed against their wishes, whereas now the people are clamoring for action and Parliament is simply fiddling. It is easier to reform a parliament than a people. But time presses. Unless action to save the franc comes speedily, there may be nothing to salvage when it arrives.

SCANT REPORTS have been seeping out from Rome, where France laid her record in Syria before the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. The French representatives, say brief dispatches, were subjected to "sharp and insistent" inquiries on justice, religion, and finance, or some such vague and imposing array of abstractions. At last the commission has prepared a report of the situation for the consideration of the League. Details of the report are not available as we go to press, but it is described as not sensational, nor yet a mere whitewash. If, as the Associated Press says, the commission has confined itself to constructive criticism, then it has revealed itself as possessed of an eye for the immediate future. Recriminations against the French authorities will not dispose the stiff-necked Druses to bend toward amicable relations with them, nor will the French be thereby rendered the more patiently gentle with their difficult wards. On the other hand, the commission has in this case an opportunity to establish itself as an adequate censor of the administration of mandatory power. If it does not so establish itself, it will reveal its parent the League to be impotent in one of its most significant assumptions of power; and the plea for intervention made to the world three months ago by the Syrian leader, Ihsan Djabir Bey, remaining unanswered, will mark the fact.

A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS censor has Canada—as devoted to saving his country from wicked ideas as if he were our own beloved Secretary of State. So he has barred that high-minded publication the New York *Daily Mirror*, one of our picture papers, because of what he is graciously pleased to describe as its occasionally unworthy character. In order to show his fairness it is reported that he is about to take like action with regard to two of the *Mirror's* ardent competitors in the chronicling of scandal, of crime, and of nudity. More than that, this happy censor has barred *Liberty*, the weekly off-shoot of the Chicago *Tribune*. Its sins have little to do with the world of today. It is punished because it published articles in regard to the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra which were misrepresentations and libelous. To this *Liberty* replies that its torch merely illuminated the Queen as the victim of her royal husband's penchant for pretty faces, which everybody knew. Well, we who are saving our country from the Karolyis and the Cathcarts

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are hardly in a position to throw stones at the Minister of Customs and Excises who preserves the morals of Canada. All of which increases the respect in which the rest of the world holds Anglo-Saxons, but makes us tremble lest it begin to laugh at us. For if once the civilized nations begin to laugh, a lot of our highly esteemed Anglo-American idols are likely to crash to earth.

TO THE MANY FELICITATIONS which have gone to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court on his eighty-fifth birthday, we want to add ours, with profound thankfulness that so admirable a public servant and jurist has not only been preserved to the republic but at his advanced age is still capable of filling the duties he has already so well discharged for twenty-four years. That is unusual in itself; still more so is the fact that his lifelong liberalism is untarnished by the conservatism of age. No finer body of young men ever went into the service of the government than the group of Harvard men who volunteered at the outbreak of the Civil War. Of these Justice Holmes was one, and his gallantry resulted in three wounds, one at Antietam of such a severe nature that his recovery seemed impossible. The story of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's search for his wounded son and namesake after that battle, entitled "My Hunt after 'The Captain,'" is not only one of the most touching articles from the pen of the famous father of this great Justice, but gives a most worth-while picture of the confusion, lack of organization, and inadequacy of the Medical Corps of the army of that day in dealing with wounded men. "The Captain" was not only found, but has already survived his wound sixty-four years. We heartily hope we may have him with us many years yet, abounding in wit and wisdom and philosophy, and imbued with the same true Americanism—with its sound belief in the freedom of the individual, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and freedom of life—for which Justice Holmes and his group stood so valiantly in the greatest crisis of the republic.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY'S voluntary retirement as secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, after nearly twenty-two years of service, is a national loss. True, he has been only one of a multitude of men and women who, in similar positions, have served reform causes for a tithe of the salaries they could earn elsewhere. But few in this army of devoted public servants—public despite the fact that they are on private and not on the public pay rolls—have equaled Mr. Lovejoy in the tact and skill with which he has carried on the unending and extraordinarily difficult tasks with which he has had to deal, or the courage he has always displayed, even in the face of insuperable difficulties. We wish that it had been possible to chronicle other than failure for the greatest effort the Child Labor Committee made during Mr. Lovejoy's secretaryship—the effort to obtain a national child-labor law. But not that fact, nor the truth that there is still abominable industrial slavery of children in our supposedly civilized land, reflects any discredit upon those who, like him, have done their utmost, without thought of self, to break the shackles.

THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT has divided the country into more than the two classes which have come to be known as Drys and Wets. There is at least a third class which might be dubbed the Dry-Wets or the Wet-Drys. They are persons who—more or less surreptitiously—use intoxicating beverages themselves but for business, political, or other reasons publicly oppose the use of liquor by others. No census of the Dry-Wets ever has been taken and we shall not be so uncharitable as to guess at their number. It does seem, though, that they are especially prevalent among politicians. A bit of hypocrisy seems more or less necessary for success in politics, so it is hardly sporting in State Senator Courtlandt Nicoll of New York—reputed to be a Wet—to have proposed the following amendment to the prohibition-enforcement bill now pending in the legislature:

> Any person who buys, sells, possesses, or uses a beverage, the use of which is illegal under the Eighteenth Amendment and the laws passed to secure the enforcement of that amendment, shall be debarred from holding any office or public trust.

Downright mean, we call that! It is a politician's immemorial privilege to make laws, not to obey them, and Senator Nicoll's scheme for smoking out the Dry-Wets promises to inject so much honesty into political life that it will no longer have any allure.

WHAT WILL BE the effect on company unions if the Cummins-Parker bill, designed to supplant the Railroad Labor Board by direct negotiation between transportation workers and their employers, becomes a law? The measure has the backing of the railway employees' unions, but its results can hardly be expected to be in every way to their interest. The Pennsylvania was the leader in establishing the company union in the railway field, setting up the plan among its shopmen in 1921. The United States Supreme Court decided that company unions were lawful under the transportation act of 1920, although it admitted that they were contrary to the wishes of Congress. The Railroad Labor Board, whatever its faults, did considerable to prevent the misrepresentation of employees through non-representative company unions. As no such check will exist under the new plan, it is possible that groups too weak to maintain independent unions will suffer some disadvantage. It is not without significance that the *Pennsylvania Standard* for February quoted President Atterbury as saying that "nothing in the proposed legislation would interfere with the present method in effect on the Pennsylvania Railroad for the handling of relations between officers and employees."

THE TREND toward bigger and better mergers is well illustrated by the figures for the power industry during 1925. The *Electrical World* reports that 560 companies were involved, of which 153 were absorbing companies and 407 were acquired companies. The total capitalization of the acquired companies was $1,957,263,000, or about one-fourth of the aggregate capitalization of the electric light and power industry. There was one merger of over $200,000,000, three more of over $125,000,000, and twenty-one absorptions of more than $25,000,000 each. The phenomenon was not confined to any one section of the country, but was nation-wide. In many instances the acquired companies in a single merger operated in several States, and even in widely separated sections of the country. Private capital is losing no time in digging in against the public control of giant power.

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The Mexican Complications

IN the light of the interventionist propaganda against Mexico, now being conducted by certain interests, it seems proper to consider once more the recent questions that have been raised between the two countries. The old Mexican land law, prior to 1884, reserved to the state the ownership of the subsoil minerals. In 1884 the law was changed so that the surface owner also acquired the subsoil minerals. This is also the common law prevailing in the United States. Between 1884 and 1917, under the Porfirio Diaz regime, when Mexico changed the law back to its original status, a great deal of land was purchased in Mexico by oil and mining companies, with a view to holding in reserve the exploitation of these natural resources. The Mexican constitution of 1917 and the laws passed pursuant thereto would have severed the subsoil minerals from the ownership of the surface by reserving these minerals to the state. The new laws were regarded by the United States as retroactive and confiscatory measures. By interpretation, therefore, the Mexican law was then modified so as to leave to the surface owners, who had begun their search for oil or minerals and broken ground prior to 1917, the privilege of continuing their efforts to reduce to possession the subsoil minerals. But those who had not broken ground before 1917 were not regarded as having a vested right in perpetuity to search for oil, and as to these owners the constitution and laws of 1917 were still deemed applicable. The United States, however, still asserted the view that at the time when the property was acquired ownership of the soil gave all rights to the center of the earth and to the sky above. Mexico does not share this common-law view of a vested right and the first dispute between the countries is a difference in the meaning of the term "vested right." There is no international definition of the term, and the Mexican view is probably as valid as ours. After what the United States has done to the vested rights acquired in this country by German, Austrian, and Hungarian citizens, it seems hypocritical to talk unctuously about the vested rights of American citizens abroad. The police power in this country is continually wiping out without compensation property rights duly acquired—for example, under the prohibition law. It is another case of the beam and the mote. Self-respect requires a modicum of consistency.

Mexico also claims that she will not permit foreigners to own land around the borders of Mexico nor any land inside the country unless the foreigner renounces with respect to the ownership of that land his privileged diplomatic position as a foreigner. Foreigners or foreign corporations now owning land have a long time within which to sell. Here also the California land legislation as to Japanese and the laws of our States prohibiting aliens from owning or inheriting land would seem to bar any serious protest. We also take the position that Mexico cannot validly request any foreigner to renounce his privilege of calling upon the diplomatic protection of his own government on the ground that this is a privilege of the government and not of the individual, which the individual, therefore, is not in a position validly to renounce. This seems a specious quibble, but it has been sustained by some international courts and denied by others. Mexico dislikes the necessity of placing foreigners in such an advantage in Mexico.

Under our claims treaty with Mexico, we imposed liability, as a condition of recognition, for all damages suffered by American citizens in Mexico since 1910 through all the various revolutionary movements. Such liability far exceeds that imposed by international law, which relieves the government from liability for injuries committed by insurgents beyond its control. The claims convention also makes Mexico liable for injuries by mutinies or mobs or certain insurrectionary forces or bandits, provided it can be shown that the appropriate authorities omitted to take reasonable measures to suppress these disturbing forces, or in other respects were at fault. The Mexican agent, in an argument before the Claims Commission in regular course, sought to show that certain forces and bodies committing injuries were in fact bandits, and not revolutionary forces for which Mexico assumed unequivocal liability. Because he dared to make such a legal argument—a matter quite within his privilege and not heretofore deemed an appropriate subject for adverse criticism—the New York *Times* published a heading to an inflammatory article "Declares Mexico Repudiates Claims." The questions arise, Who is responsible for this propaganda? What interests desire intervention in Mexico?

The financial interests? Hardly. Mexico's first move under the Calles administration was to negotiate a new agreement for the payment of her international obligations. Mexico could, following the European example, have postponed the settlement of her foreign debt. Instead her treasury is making regular payments to the Lamont Committee. It is absurd to suppose that the bankers have any desire to impede the validation of half a billion dollars' worth of securities.

The oil men? They have long been trouble makers, high-handed law-breakers in Mexico. They have plotted intervention in the past. The fact is, however, that the present legislation in Mexico really confiscates not a drop of oil belonging to them.

Does the Catholic church desire intervention? For several weeks the Archbishop of Baltimore has filled the press with his denunciations. *America*, the Jesuit organ, in many respects an enlightened weekly when it was edited by Father Richard H. Tierney, attempts in a leading article to prove that the Mexican anti-clericalism is related to high cost of binder-twine and rubber to the American consumer. The expelled foreign priests and nuns upon arrival here are headlined with "Horrors in Mexico" in the *Times* and with "Mexican Terror" in the *Tribune*, although a reading of the interviews (which can scarcely be considered unbiased) fails to reveal any horrors beyond the fact of expulsion in conformity with the Mexican law. In Congress Representative John J. Boylan demands breaking off of our diplomatic relations "until Mexico revises her present constitution." It would be unfortunate if the American Catholic hierarchy placed itself in the un-American position of fomenting a religious conflict. This is Mexico's affair and the issue is really not over religion at all but of persistent clerical interference in state matters which Mexico is trying to end once for all after a hundred years of it.

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Justice for the Virgin Islands

NINE years after our acquisition from Denmark of her possessions in the West Indies there is a prospect that we may give them some of the democracy which they artlessly thought would be theirs as a matter of course upon coming under the sovereignty of the United States. In point of fact our neglect has resulted in saddling upon them an autocratic and unsympathetic succession of satraps, so that whereas in 1917 they were whole-heartedly in favor of our advent they are today sorry for the withdrawal of Denmark. But although our naval government has made a mighty mess of things—as also in Samoa and Guam—the Virgin Islanders are a generous and a friendly people, who will become the most loyal of Americans the moment we indicate we want them in our body politic.

Thanks to Representative Robert Bacon of New York, a bill (H. R. 9395) is now before Congress which, if enacted into law, will end our nine years of absolutism and mismanagement by conferring upon the inhabitants American citizenship, universal suffrage, and a civilian government resting upon a large measure of self-rule. This bill, drawn in considerable measure by A. A. Berle, Jr., of New York City, has been approved by representatives of the Navy Department and the Treasury and by prominent members of the Colonial Councils of the Virgin Islands. It deserves the support in and out of Congress of all those who believe that our island territories should be governed with at least an approach to the same civil rights and self-determination which we demand for ourselves.

There is every reason to suppose that the treaty by which the Virgin Islands passed from Denmark to the United States intended to make the inhabitants of the islands American citizens unless they took specific steps to the contrary. But the presence of two somewhat contradictory provisions in the treaty was seized upon by our none too democratic administration at Washington to deny this right, with the result that the Virgin Islanders have been literally men and women without a country. The several thousand of them domiciled here in the continental United States have, on the one hand, been denied the right to vote on the ground that they were not citizens, while, on the other hand, they have been refused access to citizenship through the process of naturalization. The Bacon bill does away with this absurdity by making American citizens of Virgin Islanders both here and in the West Indies.

According to the present "temporary government," the Virgin Islands are virtually a pocket borough of the President. His power there is almost absolute, if he choose to exercise it, but in fact he has turned it over to the navy, whose bureaucrats have exercised all the snobbery and bossism that petty minds are prone to wherever they are given a free rein over a people helpless to protect itself through distance and the lack of an adequate press. The Bacon bill proposes to end this by establishing a civilian administration, headed by a governor to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Colonial Councils would become genuine legislative bodies instead of restricted and largely powerless assemblies as at present. Moreover the vicious property qualification by which most of the islanders are now disfranchised would be abolished, to be superseded by suffrage for all men and women over twenty-one who can read and write English. There has been some criticism in this country of the literacy qualification, it having been said in one quarter that this limitation was inspired by the sugar interests. As a fact it is especially advocated by the labor organizations of the islands, and is aimed not at the native Negroes (constituting nine-tenths of the population), who almost all speak and read English, but at certain more recently arrived European elements.

Finally, the Bacon measure contains a bill of rights modeled after that in the Constitution of the United States. In this connection we may note that the appeal of Rothschild Francis, editor of the *Emancipator* of St. Thomas, has just been decided by the federal court in Philadelphia to which it was carried. Mr. Francis was convicted by an island judge of having libeled a police officer by an article in the *Emancipator*. He was later convicted of contempt of court for criticizing in his newspaper the verdict against him. The Philadelphia court, by a queer twist of logic, has upheld the sentence for contempt but overthrown the verdict of libel upon which it was based. Is it that a judge may call a court wrong but an editor may not? The Philadelphia decision will probably be carried higher. More needed is a general movement to take away from the courts the usurped and unconstitutional power to punish criticism as contempt. It constitutes an illegal and unauthorized censorship of the press.

The Defeated Railway Merger

GENERALLY SPEAKING *The Nation* is averse to tooting too loudly its own saxophone. But there are times when modesty is a mistake. Thus having been reliably informed that our pages were a chief, if not the chief, influence in defeating the 9,000-mile railway merger of the Van Sweringen brothers, we think our readers ought to know about it. Toward the close of the hearings before the Interstate Commerce Commission Hobart S. Bird, counsel for a group of the Chesapeake and Ohio stockholders who were opposing the proposed unification, saw in *The Nation* of December 2, last, the address of Professor W. Z. Ripley of Harvard University before the Academy of Political Science, calling attention to the danger of modern stock issues in which control is vested in closely held common shares while the money is put up by the investing public in return for preferred or Class A or B issues, devoid of voting power.

Mr. Bird knew that Professor Ripley had often been called as an expert by the Interstate Commerce Commission and had the highest standing with it. Hence, in his brief Mr. Bird incorporated in full the views of Professor Ripley as printed in *The Nation*. These views were also taken up by the New York *World*, and came to have so important a bearing upon the case that the Van Sweringens' counsel asked permission to file a special answer to them. Permission to do this was refused on the ground that the hearing had then been closed. As the decision against the merger was based chiefly on the issue raised by Professor Ripley, *The Nation* may claim a share in obtaining the ruling because of having made Professor Ripley's views available for presentation before the commission.

The story and the amazing rise of the Van Sweringen brothers is told by Mr. Bird himself elsewhere in this issue. It is a romantic narrative of the enormous pos-

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sibilities of wealth and power obtainable almost overnight by shrewd manipulators of our existing system of credit and industry. The Van Sweringens entered the railroad field after the great pioneers in it were dead or had retired —at a moment when most of our industrial generals had turned to automobiles, electric development, or other newer playthings. The Van Sweringens saw the possibilities for unification opened up by the transportation act of 1920. They probably kept within the law in their dealings and certainly within the ethical code of our modern buccaneers of business. Their success is due to long vision, quickness on the trigger, and a willingness to pay well for what they wanted—to let the other fellow in for a good thing, too, whenever they were trying to put over a deal.

The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission need not permanently prevent their proposed merger. The objection is solely to its financial aspects, which may be satisfactorily altered if the Van Sweringens so wish. As a transportation scheme the plan is distinctly approved by the commission. For this reason we welcome the decision. It is not mere "trust busting." On the contrary, it is a constructive use of the powers of the commission to protect the public on the financial side while at the same time making possible a physical development which would probably be to the advantage of all concerned.

Two Hundred Years of Gulliver

IN November, 1726, a few weeks after "Gulliver's Travels" had appeared and swept all England, Alexander Pope wrote to his friend Jonathan Swift in Dublin saying that the publisher of the book, one Benjamin Motte, was curiously uncertain as to the source from which the manuscript had come. "Motte," explained Pope, "received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so for my part I suspend my judgment." No one knew better than Pope who had written "Gulliver," for he had heard all about it in letters from the Dean of St. Patrick's and indeed the work was merely the execution of a plan once formed by Pope, John Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Swift for a universal satire upon humankind. Furthermore, it had been Pope—always a trickster—who conveyed the manuscript under cover of night to Benjamin Motte; and incidentally it was Pope who in this connection secured the only royalties for Swift—two hundred pounds—which his writing ever brought. One of the greatest of all the writers of England or the world was quite without pride of authorship—he did not sign "Gulliver," and the several hundred other works by him were anonymous save in one instance, when he let his name be used because the profits were to go for charity.

Pope, Gay, and the rest continued for a time to play the game of mystification which Pope was playing in his letter of November. It was not long, however, before the world was aware that it had a masterpiece, and was aware who had composed it.

It is to be hoped that others besides ourselves will celebrate this year the bicentenary of such a book as will perhaps never have to be written again. We should like to know what the race is thinking by this time of the heaviest dose of criticism it ever got. Mr. Mencken has just brought out a new edition of "Gulliver" with—of course—an enthusiastic introduction. But Mr. Mencken has always seemed to agree with Swift, who agreed with the king of Brobdingnag that the bulk of us are "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." What of this bulk itself? What has it to say?

Swift made it clear enough to Pope who it was that he attacked:

> I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals; for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor Such-a-one. . . . But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. . . . I have got materials toward a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy, though not in Timon's manner, the whole building of my "Travels" is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion.

And at least one contemporary was said to see the moral of "Gulliver." "The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough," wrote Gay and Pope none too seriously to Swift, "is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it. She declares that she has now found out that her whole life has been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes." Nor was the Duchess alone in her raptures. The first edition of this bitter book was exhausted within a week, and others were as quickly exhausted. "Gulliver" has never given offense. We have read it with undiluted pleasure during 200 years —for a century it has been a classic for children. But that animal called man has still not spoken.

The reason doubtless is that every reader of "Gulliver" has instantly placed himself with John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. Like the great Duchess herself he has grasped at the beginning the distinction which must be made—if the spectacle of human life is to remain at all tolerable—between the many and the few; and he has felt very certain that he was one of the few. How else could he endure to go on with Swift as he pursues his painful and irresistible analysis of the weaknesses of men? He might turn his back upon the railings of a Timon; he must listen to a Gulliver. For Gulliver is weirdly convincing. Swift's glory is that he has more than stated his charge; he has proved it. He has done this by his art; he has told an entrancing tale which in spite of oneself one becomes interested in. He has done it also by his logic; he has devised a series of traps into which the running mind must fall. The deepest of these is in the last and best book. Gulliver, coming by chance into a country whose noblest creatures look like horses and whose yahoos look like men, is naturally mistaken by the horses for a yahoo. When he protests that the resemblance is only in the body, and refers to a mind within which makes him worthy of comparison with a Houyhnhnm, he is courteously given a chance to describe the civilization which he has left and the history—including the wars—which that civilization has achieved. The result is nothing if not humiliating. If every reader is Gulliver, it is to be hoped that every reader takes this most cleansing bath of self-examination, even if he thinks he takes it only for his race. The millennium will be here when all men read "Gulliver's Travels" as children read it, and do not need to be ashamed.

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Los Angeles and Its News

OUR readers will recall that under the title of Los Angeles's Campaign of Silence we printed on September 9, last, an article by William Boardman Knox, who had been an editor of the Los Angeles illustrated *Daily News*. This article has brought us many letters of protest and reply, including one of February 10 from A. G. Arnoll, the secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. One from Ralph W. Trueblood, executive editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, who denies the conspiracy of silence by the Los Angeles press in dealing with the infantile-paralysis epidemic, has been printed in the *Editor and Publisher* and elsewhere. Mr. Trueblood goes straight to the point, which is not the case with various other correspondents who have entirely misunderstood the issue and have, for instance, like Mr. Arnoll, twisted Mr. Knox's statement of fact as to the hoof-and-mouth disease into an attack upon the rigid State quarantine.

Mr. Trueblood wrote us, in part, as follows:

> So far as the *Times* is concerned, the facts are these: Between June 16, when infantile paralysis was declared prevalent in the State by the State Board of Health, and October 20, when Los Angeles was officially declared free of the disease, the *Times* printed fifty-nine separate news articles regarding the situation, an aggregate of 282 inches of type, column measure. The articles ranged in length from a minimum of two and one-half inches to a maximum of twenty-one and one-half inches. Frequently these articles were displayed on the first page and in no case was there any effort to conceal or "play them down." Each article brought the situation up to date from the preceding report, giving the number of new cases, total for the week, total for month, and usually the grand total from the beginning. In the early part of the period mentioned and at intervals thereafter these articles gave carefully prepared directions to the public for guarding against the disease and for handling it when it should appear. Notwithstanding your allegation that the business interests of Los Angeles were in a conspiracy to suppress these facts, the *Times* did not receive a single protest against their publication.

To this Mr. Knox, in a letter addressed to *The Nation*, replies as follows:

> Mr. Trueblood by separating my statement from its context succeeds in making me say something I did not say. Not only did I make no attempt to deny that the infantile paralysis in some form was discussed but I go so far as to give concrete examples of statements issued to and published by the press of Los Angeles, and it was one of the points of my article that the suppression was doubly effective because misleading information was disseminated. Mr. Trueblood, in his letter to you, shows clearly the state of mind in which he approached the epidemic by referring to it as the time or rather the date "when infantile paralysis was declared prevalent in the State," with no reference to any epidemic in Los Angeles.
>
> Mr. Trueblood's own figures are enlightening. He says that his paper published 282 inches of space in 59 separate articles, which, according to my mathematics, averaged a little more than four inches to the story, about a finger's depth, which for a somewhat devastating epidemic was certainly not a sensational play. Files of the Los Angeles *Times* will very simply and quickly demonstrate the spirit with which this situation was handled by the paper. He says that my statements in regard to water and bubonic plague are false. Inasmuch as they are, without exception, taken from official reports, any falsehood is nothing which either you or I could help or for which we could be held accountable, and I suggest that he take the matter up with Dr. Brem and Dr. Parsons of Los Angeles.

It is not denied by anyone that Mr. Knox was present at meetings of the Chamber of Commerce; nor are some of his most important statements challenged by his critics. Indeed, Mr. Arnoll himself makes the statement that during the infantile-paralysis epidemic "the press . . . did not permit publicity which would either suppress the facts or magnify them," which admits control.

From Dr. John Randolph Haynes, a member of the Board of Water and Power Commissioners at Los Angeles, comes a clear-cut challenge of Mr. Knox's statements as to the water supply. Dr. Haynes's quarrel is, however, as Mr. Knox shows, with Dr. Walter V. Brem and Dr. Parsons. Dr. Brem's high standing as a bacteriologist is beyond question. Mr. Knox went out of his way, however, to state in his article that there is another school of bacteriologists in Los Angeles "who claim that the constant discovery of B. coli (colon bacilli) in Los Angeles reservoirs is a matter of no importance and that the water has all the healing properties of the pool of Bethesda." Writing for the Chamber of Commerce Mr. Arnoll admits that there have been times when the water has been "slightly impaired as far as palatability was concerned," but that it was "at no time below requirements necessary for a healthful city water." Mr. Arnoll cites a statement of the secretary of the State Board of Health that the Los Angeles water supply is beyond reproach.

On the other side, we have been assured by the managing news editor of the Los Angeles *Daily News* at the time that Mr. Knox was connected with that paper that his statements were correct, and we have also received a letter from a reader who declares that although he read the *Times* and *Herald* daily he "never saw a mention made of infantile paralysis until December 5, 1925."

To print all the letters we have received would take more space than we can possibly spare for them. We may, however, state our own conclusion after carefully going over the subject: We believe that in its main thesis Mr. Knox's article was correct. But we must admit that to prove his points Mr. Knox resorted to too sweeping statements, which he should have avoided and the editor of his manuscript should have caught. Specifically, Mr. Knox exaggerated grossly when he declared that the whole of Los Angeles's economic structure began to totter as a result of the epidemics and that her bank clearings were cut in half. Figures obtained from Los Angeles show that the clearings did drop in the period under discussion, March to August, 1924, from $644,338,609 to $532,097,664, that is, $112,240,945. But during the same period in 1925 they also fell off $50,597,257. Mr. Knox would have made his point sufficiently had he but given the official figures. He also exaggerated in saying that land values dropped 50 per cent. We regret that this injustice to the facts was done in our columns and express our indebtedness to our several correspondents who have placed their views before us.

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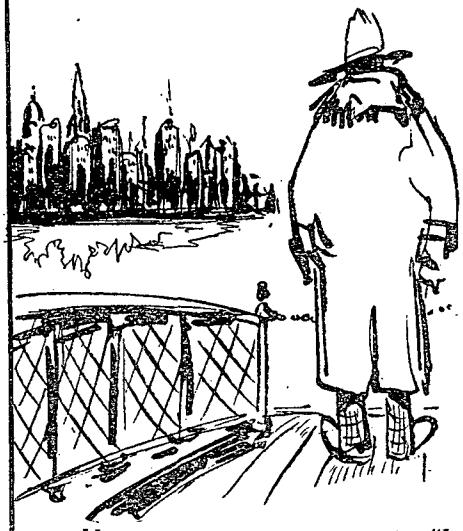
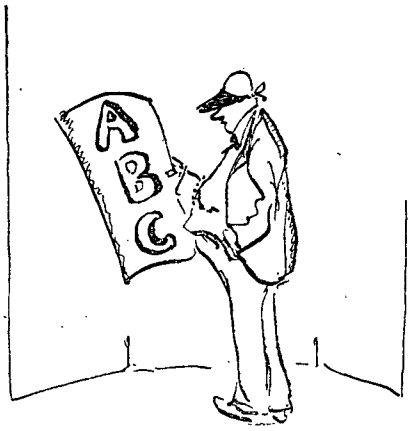
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



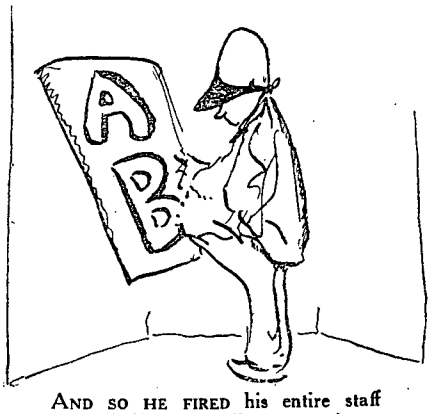
HERCULES HAD MADE HIS MILLIONS. "I shall now," quoth he, "bestow a wonderful blessing upon mankind.



"I SHALL PRINT A PAPER which every living creature in this great city can understand." And so he hired himself (for a million dollars a year) a Man of Brains who could write articles in words of three letters.

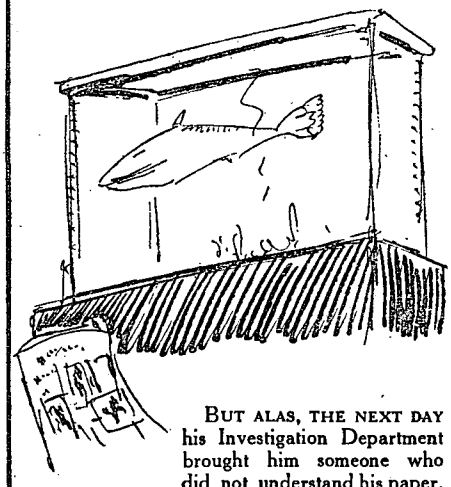
AND HE SENT to one of our leading universities for the dumbest freshman and him he made literary adviser, and he published his first issue.

BUT ALAS, THE NEXT DAY his Investigation Department brought him someone who did not understand his paper.

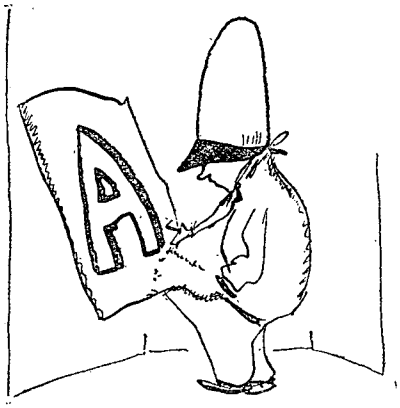


AND SO HE FIRED his entire staff and hired (for two million a year) another Man of Brains who could write articles in words of two letters.

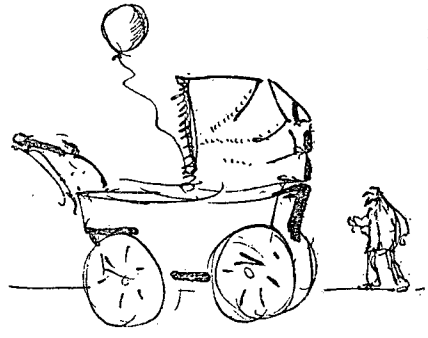
AND HE SENT to a famous School for Backward Children and asked for their backwardest pupil and he made him literary adviser, and he published his second issue.



BUT ALAS, THE NEXT DAY his Investigation Department brought him someone who did not understand his paper.



AND SO HE FIRED his entire staff and hired (for three million a year) another Man of Brains who could write articles in words of one letter.



AND HE HIRED a thug to rob him a baby that he might make the child literary adviser, etc., etc.

AND SO ON AD INFINITUM.

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The Van Sweringens Turn Nickel Plate into Gold

By HOBART S. BIRD

THE alchemists of olden times who sought to turn baser metals into gold would have seen their dreams more than realized had they lived to witness the accomplishments in this generation of the Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland. These two men, neither of them out of his forties, have not only made gold from Nickel Plate but also from air and water. They have sold water at enormous profit in the stock issues of various properties, chiefly railroads, that they have acquired and reorganized. They have turned even air into gold, having an estimated profit of $16,000,000 on the building value above ground of the terminal site which they acquired a few years ago in Cleveland.

All in all these two men are believed to have made, actually or potentially, about $80,000,000 out of a cash investment of some half a million. Most of this money was accumulated in about two years previous to 1924, in which latter year the Van Sweringens came into public view as the organizers of a projected railroad empire of over 9,000 miles, valued at $1,600,000,000.

Permission to put this plan into effect has just been denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The newspapers have told us that. What the newspapers have failed to tell us is that merger or no merger the profits of the Van Sweringens are for the most part secure. It is possible, too, that the unification will eventually be permitted. The Interstate Commerce Commission has approved it as a transportation project. The grounds of objection are purely financial. The commission takes exception to the extent to which control is vested in the Van Sweringens while the actual ownership was in outside investors without any vote. The commission also objects to the ruthless way in which minorities were handled in bringing about the merger. The proposed combination may be reorganized financially, the obnoxious non-voting-stock feature eliminated, and the Van Sweringens still remain in control, with their profits intact.

They Once Delivered Newspapers

What makes the position of the Van Sweringens unusually spectacular, and typically American, is that they have risen to their present heights from a young manhood devoted to delivering newspapers. Oris P. Van Sweringen, when twenty-one years of age, quit his earlier occupations and, taking his nineteen-year-old brother, Mantis J., as a partner, went into real estate. They took over a development known as Shaker Heights, near Cleveland, which had previously been a failure. This was in 1900. They made the new tract valuable by rapid transit to Cleveland.

Both of the Van Sweringens are still boyish in appearance and neither is married. At the recent hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington they were the most inconspicuous persons present. When O. P. Van Sweringen came forward smiling and debonair to tell his story he was all deference, courtesy, and urbanity. When a pencil or paper accidentally dropped from the hands of one of the commissioners or of one of the counsel, he was the first to spring from his seat to restore it to the owner.

In order to understand the spectacular events which finally culminated in the plan for the great railway merger which has just been passed upon by the Interstate Commerce Commission one must go back to the year 1909. It was then that the Van Sweringens acquired four acres of land in the heart of Cleveland as a site for the terminal of the rapid-transit line which they were planning to build. In 1911 they organized the Cleveland and Youngstown Railroad Company to operate an electric line and began acquiring a right of way through a part of the city in which they had some years previously delivered newspapers from house to house. They had to cross the tracks of the Cleveland Short Line, a railroad owned by the New York Central. They met A. H. Smith. He made the suggestion which led to the great expansion that followed. The New York Central at that time was sending its freight into Cleveland by tracks lying level with the water. The better part of Cleveland's business section is on a considerably higher level, and Mr. Smith asked the Van Sweringens if they thought land could be acquired at a reasonable price for a freight station on this upper elevation. The young real-estate operators astutely replied that it could be.

A Route into Cleveland

In consequence an agreement was reached in 1913 between the Van Sweringens and the New York Central for the construction of a four-track route into Cleveland and the building of a freight station. It was provided that upon completion the freighthouse was to be deeded to the New York Central and that that railway was to have half of the right of way. In return the New York Central agreed to advance the funds necessary to carry out the project.

Proceeding with the construction of their trolley line and the acquisition of a right of way, the Van Sweringens ran across the tracks of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad, popularly known as the Nickel Plate. It dawned on them that the tracks of this railroad would furnish them their most direct route to their haven in the center of Cleveland. The fact that this road was owned by the New York Central seemed propitious. They started negotiations for the right to use the Nickel Plate tracks for their trolley, but did not reach a definite stage until in 1916, when under a new law the New York Central was obliged to dispose of its control of the Nickel Plate because of a prohibition against one railroad controlling another competitive line. The New York Central had bought the Nickel Plate for the very purpose of preventing competition and had been letting it rot. The New York Central had no use for the line but naturally did not want it to fall into unfriendly hands. It was then that the Van Sweringens conceived the idea of acquiring not only a right of way over the Nickel Plate into Cleveland but of purchasing the entire railroad. It seems like a fantastic scheme to buy a railroad just to get a trolley line and a stub-end terminal, but the Van Sweringens had not outgrown their belief in Santa Claus and went straightway to New York City where railroads are bought and sold.

It was suggested they should pay $2,000,000 in cash and $6,500,000 in promissory notes. To this the Van Sweringens could make no possible objection except that they did not happen to have $2,000,000. Fortunately a way

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opened. They were able to get a temporary loan of $2,100,000 from the Guardian Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland on the strength of their shrewd bargain. The Van Sweringens then organized a holding corporation, the Nickel Plate Securities Company. Stock was issued to the extent of $2,500,000 in par value non-voting preferred shares and $12,500,000 in common. The preferred was issued for cash to pay off the loan. The Van Sweringen subscription was for $520,000 of the preferred and they received three-fourths of the common. J. R. Nutt and C. L. Bradley of Cleveland subscribed to $1,490,000 worth of the preferred and received a fourth of the common. The $520,000 was the only cash which the Van Sweringens personally put up in all their career of railroad acquisition and reorganization, and even this sum was offset by sale on their part of some of their common stock.

True Financiers

The Van Sweringens then showed themselves to be true financiers. They had the Nickel Plate declare a dividend which brought in about half a million dollars of new capital. Besides this the Nickel Plate, when they took it over, had in its treasury in cash and securities $3,982,307.93. The cash payment for it had been only $2,000,000. The realtors were now on their way.

Up to about 1917 the terminal in Cleveland was to have been for the accommodation of the Nickel Plate Railroad and the Van Sweringen trolley line, the latter using the right of way of the former as an approach to the station. According to O. P. Van Sweringen it was the New York Central that proposed the next big development. Mr. Smith, who had by now become president of the road, proposed that other railways be brought in and that the terminal be made a union station in the center of Cleveland's business district. Eventually the New York Central, the Big Four, and the Nickel Plate arranged for a union station and agreed to guarantee a bond issue of $60,000,000.

At the same time a contract was made with the Union Traction Terminals Company, a corporation with no property and only $10,000 of capital stock—all owned by the Van Sweringens—for a lease of part of the terminal building to be set aside for local traction purposes. This new company was to acquire the Van Sweringen trolley line and other traction systems. The company contracted to pay to the railroads $850,000 a year rent for the traction section, but the rent it is to receive from concessionnaires, news-stands, and the like is at least $820,000. So these traction rights, whatever they were worth, were obtained by the Van Sweringens without any cost. The cost of construction to the railroads of this portion of the terminal is estimated at $14,000,000, exclusive of the land. The so-called air rights, valued at $16,000,000, were also obtained without cost to the Van Sweringens. Through an intricate system of subholdings the terminal property is now in control of the Vaness Company, a general holding corporation for the Van Sweringen brothers. When it came to conveying the terminal real estate to the new union-station company the Van Sweringens reserved the rights above the surface in the station area. In consideration for them they gave the railroads a perpetual easement over the approach to the station. It was also provided that the railroad companies should excavate for and build foundations below the surface for the superstructures, the railroad tracks to be located forty feet below the street level. The cost of laying this foundation is estimated at about $2,000,000. The excavation below the street level takes away no available space from the Van Sweringens. The net result of its construction is a contribution of $2,000,000 toward the erection of the building above it. These air rights, as already stated, are estimated as worth about $16,000,000—this is Mr. Van Sweringen's own appraisement. In addition the traction facilities already alluded to are worth at least their cost, $14,000,000, giving the Van Sweringens a profit of about $30,000,000 on the Cleveland terminal alone.

It was the foregoing transaction, but without a disclosure of the facts set forth, which the Interstate Commerce Commission approved in 1921, when William A. Colston was director of finance and J. H. Agate was examiner. Colonel Colston first made an adverse report, acting upon which the commission denied the application. Later a rehearing was requested, and Colonel Colston, still director of finance, made the report upon which a rehearing was granted. As a result of the rehearing the application was sanctioned on December 6, 1921. On May 1, 1922, Colonel Colston resigned his position with the commission and became general counsel and vice-president of the Nickel Plate Railroad at a salary of $30,000 a year As such he has been in charge of the proceedings to obtain the sanction of the commission to the Van Sweringen merger. In May, 1922, the application of the Cleveland Union Terminals Company to issue $10,000 in stock and $12,000,000 in bonds came before Mr. Agate as examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission. The application was granted. Within a year thereafter Mr. Agate resigned from the Interstate Commerce Commission and became chief assistant to Colonel Colston in the service of the Nickel Plate Railroad.

Another Jackpot

The Van Sweringens gathered in another jackpot in 1922. They purchased from Walter L. Ross, receiver of the Clover Leaf system (the Toledo, St. Louis and Western), 31,885 shares of preferred and 46,515 shares of common stock. Mr. Ross sold this stock as agent for the estates of Edward F. Searles and Thomas H. Hubbard for $2,744,000, one-half of which went to Mr. Ross as commission for making the sale while he was also receiver of the road. There was no cash payment. The entire purchase price was paid in notes secured by the stock purchased and by 30,000 additional shares acquired elsewhere in order to secure control to the Van Sweringens. These shares cost $750,000, the only cash required, and in order to make this payment the Van Sweringens had the Clover Leaf declare a dividend of 4 per cent within a month after purchase and before turning over the road to the consolidated company. This dividend netted them $734,000, so that the cash required to buy the railroad was virtually taken out of its own treasury. The Clover Leaf had in its treasury some $3,000,000 in cash and securities at the time. During all the period of its receivership since 1912 it had not before paid any dividends upon its stock. According to the testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission of the president of the Nickel Plate Railroad, this transaction was assisted, if not indeed made possible, by a simultaneous agreement with Mr. Ross personally whereby the Van Sweringens undertook to find employment for him at a guaranteed compensation of $250,000 for five years. In pursuance of this agreement Mr. Ross was made vice-president of the Nickel Plate at a salary of $50,000 a year for five years.

The next step was the acquisition of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad. It was purchased from the New York

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Central for $3,000,000, of which $500,000 was in cash. At the same time, however, the New York Central lent the Van Sweringens $2,500,000 on their equity in their previous purchase of Nickel Plate, thus increasing by $2,000,000 their bank account instead of decreasing it in making this purchase. Later on some additional stock in the Lake Erie and Western was acquired. O. P. Van Sweringen testified that the above-mentioned purchases together with additional shares of Clover Leaf and Nickel Plate stock had cost about $6,000,000. Thus by 1922 the Van Sweringens had acquired control of the Nickel Plate, the Clover Leaf, and the Lake Erie and Western for a total of $21,000,000, financed with less than $520,000 in cash—otherwise out of the treasuries of the railroads themselves and loans.

In April, 1923, the consolidation of these three railroads was effected under State law without application to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Van Sweringens exchanged their old stock in the three railways for shares in the new Nickel Plate, 188,286 preferred and 191,700 common. The preferred stock was sold for $15,000,000. The Van Sweringens also sold all of the common stock other than that necessary to give them a bare control, realizing for it almost $2,000,000 more. This left them with a little more than half of the voting stock at a cost of $3,744,691. The value of this stock at the time was $29,000,000.

By this time the Van Sweringens were in no mood to return to their former occupation of delivering newspapers and in August, 1924, it was announced that these two brothers from the hinterland proposed a merger of the Nickel Plate, the Erie, the Pere Marquette, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and the Hocking Valley railroads. When the announcement was made the Vaness Company had already acquired enough stock in the Erie, Pere Marquette, and Chesapeake and Ohio to carry through the unification. As the Chesapeake and Ohio owned 80 per cent of the Hocking Valley stock, that railroad was already looked after. Naturally the purchases necessary to effect the merger were not made with cash. Temporary loans were obtained from J. P. Morgan and Company, the First National Bank of New York, and the Guaranty Trust Company of the same city. Some were later liquidated by a bond issue on the part of the Nickel Plate for $26,000,000. The cost to the Nickel Plate of the blocks of the Chesapeake and Ohio and Pere Marquette stock bought by that railroad was $17,902,648. Control of the Chesapeake and Ohio was not, however, exercised by stock ownership but by interlocking directorates authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission on a promise that the Nickel Plate would not acquire a majority interest.

Quick Action

What followed is an example of what O. P. Van Sweringen must have had in mind when he remarked that when he saw an opportunity he tried to act quickly. On the afternoon of January 22, 1923, at the close of the hearing, it was intimated that the application for the interlocking directorates would be granted. On January 23 the Van Sweringens exercised an option from the Huntington estate to purchase 73,000 shares of Chesapeake and Ohio common for $7,300,000. On January 26 the board of directors of the Nickel Plate authorized its officers to spend $7,000,000 in the purchase of Chesapeake and Ohio stock. All this was before the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission was actually handed down on January 27.

About this time loud grumbling began to be heard from Chesapeake and Ohio stockholders. Seeing that a fight was inevitable the Vaness Company went into the market and bought enough more stock in the Chesapeake and Ohio to give it control. The Vaness Company's acquisitions of Erie, Pere Marquette, and Chesapeake and Ohio had now cost a total of $30,680,000 in addition to the purchases by the Nickel Plate from the bond issue. As this stock was to be converted into new company stock, estimated to be worth $47,203,680, it will be seen that the Van Sweringens were not to suffer a loss in the effort to protect their property. If now as a result of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission the brothers propose a new unification giving better terms to the Chesapeake and Ohio stockholders, they themselves will be the chief beneficiaries of such liberality, and their gains on Chesapeake holdings will probably more than offset their loss on Erie and on Nickel Plate if they simply stand pat.

By a peculiar feature of the merger plan it was provided that the Nickel Plate Company should not give up its Chesapeake or Pere Marquette stock or the $22,000,000 of its own full-paid stock in its treasury, nor any other treasury asset, to the new Nickel Plate company, but should assume all indebtedness, including the bond issue out of which the stock was purchased. Summing up these items, one arrives at a total of more than $50,000,000 which was to be held out from the common pot by the Nickel Plate. As the Vaness Company owns 54 per cent of the common stock of the Nickel Plate its share in these assets would have been about $27,000,000. The Vaness Company's paper profit on its own stock was to be about $16,500,000. Hence, we arrive at a total profit to the Vaness Company through stock manipulation of $43,500,000.

$80,000,000 of Profits

Thus we see that the Vaness Company, outside of the former Nickel Plate consolidation, is to be credited with potential profits of $30,000,000 in the Cleveland terminal. In the manipulation of stocks in order to lay the basis for the proposed merger there was a profit of $43,500,000 more, or a total of $73,500,000. The Van Sweringens, as owners of 80 per cent of the Vaness stock, share to the extent of about $59,000,000, but they are also to be credited with a profit of about $20,000,000 on their old Nickel Plate consolidation and of some additional sums, bringing the total well above $80,000,000. These stock profits were made largely by favoring their own holdings against others'.

But of more importance than the huge profits taken out of these railways is the fact that the Van Sweringens have consistently maintained control of common stock while letting the public put up the actual money through purchase of bonds and preferred stock without voting power. At the apex of a complicated pyramid of interlocking control is the common stock of the Vaness Company, all of which is deposited under a voting-trust agreement.

The managers of the trust are vested with the exclusive voting rights of the Vaness Company no matter who may own the certificates. The Van Sweringens exercise 80 per cent of the voting rights of these managers. The other rights are in the hands of Messrs. Nutt and Bradley. It is further provided that this extraordinary trust agreement is to continue for twenty-one years after the death of the last survivor of the four men named.

It was this possible control divorced from ownership—in the opinion of many, including Van Sweringen counsel—that was most responsible for the merger's defeat.

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The War in Passaic

By MARY HEATON VORSE

The annual report of the Botany and Garfield Worsted Mills of April 21, 1925, showed net earnings of $2,229,550, a net credit to surplus of $1,731,298, and distributable earnings of $5.91 a share on class A stock and $1.91 a share on common stock.

THE strike of the textile workers in Passaic, New Jersey, is a strike of hunger. It is the direct result of a 10 per cent slash in wages already far below a level of decent living. The pay of the textile workers is the lowest in American industry. They get from $12 to $22 a week. Heads of families work for $20, $17.50, and $15. It seems incredible that wages as low as these should have been cut by companies whose mills are among the richest in the country. But that is what happened. That is what has sent ten thousand textile workers streaming out of the mills. That is why after weeks of strike the picket line numbers thousands. That is why processions of workers march from Passaic to Garfield and Clifton singing. Never has a strike of such small numbers shown such mass picketing and such parades. Half the picket line is composed of young people. Mothers with children by the hand, older women and high-school boys and girls stream along, their heads thrown back, singing "Solidarity forever, the union makes us strong" to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The singing picket line has hope in it. Passaic sprawling in its winter slush and snow watches its mill-workers make a full-hearted protest against the intolerable conditions in the mills, against the inhuman and unbearable wage cut.

During the first weeks of the strike the numbers of strikers rolled up like a snowball. The Botany Mill came out first. One mill after another joined the strikers until nearly all the mills were involved. One day they formed a parade of twelve thousand to march from Passaic into Clifton. What a parade! Processions of baby carriages, bands of youngsters, older women, an old grandma of eighty-one. The undimmed, enthusiastic mill children, the youngsters in their teens.

This peaceful parade was set upon by the police as they tried to cross a bridge marching from one town to another. Clubbings of such brutal nature occurred that the daily press was filled with pictures of prostrate strikers and policemen with riot clubs in air. This clubbing did not dim their spirit. The big parade gave them a sense of power and solidarity. They had been striking against the wage cut—only that. Now they voiced demands: a 10 per cent increase over the old wage scale, the return of money taken from them by wage cut, time and a half for overtime, a forty-hour week, decent sanitary working conditions, no discrimination against union workers, and recognition of the union. Then came a further triumph, the Forstmann-Huffmann Mills with their four thousand workers joined the walk-out.

The outside world began to notice the strike. Noted ministers, writers, representatives of labor organizations, supporters of civil liberties streamed into Passaic. The town of Garfield invited the strikers to a meeting and the city council indorsed the strikers' demands completely, the only dissenting voices being those of the mayor and the chief of police.

At the beginning of the sixth week the mayor of Passaic menaced the strikers with a force of three hundred mounted policemen. This proved to be only a bugaboo. The picket line, two thousand strong, was practically unmolested, while the aged horses upon which a few policemen were mounted brought laughter from the crowd. Again the strikers formed a parade in the afternoon and marched into Garfield. Throughout all these demonstrations perfect order was preserved.

Then the authorities decided to break the peace. With tear bombs, mounted patrolmen, and a company of sixty-five foot police they tried to disperse a crowd of 2,000 strikers. They failed. The workers jeered and laughed at them. But finally, with the help of five fire companies battering the crowd with powerful streams of water the guardians of order broke the ranks of the strikers, smashing them with clubs when they attempted to halt in their flight or to reform their ranks. The next day the police did better still. They charged a crowd of 3,000 strikers, bludgeoned many men, women, and children, and smashed with deliberate intent the persons and cameras of the news photographers and motion-picture men present. That was their last victory. The strikers, armed with gas masks, helmets, and their unbending courage, defied the police successfully—and paraded in peace. Photographers took pictures through the slits in armored cars or from the safe vantage of a swooping airplane. The authorities were, temporarily at least, confounded. As a result of the disorders of the week Justice of the Peace Katz issued warrants for the arrest of Chief of Police Zober and two patrolmen charged with clubbing orderly and inoffensive men and women. To the date of writing warrants are still hovering over the heads of these guardians of the public peace; none of their fellow-officers can be induced to serve them. Meantime the fight goes on and the picket line, an army of thousands, defies the police and greets the few remaining workers when the mill gates open.

The present Passaic strike is only a phase of the long fight of the textile workers for organization and a living wage. These million people who weave our cloth have always lived on the fringe of destitution. Employed by some of the richest corporations in America, their poverty is a by-word. The conditions under which they live is a disgrace to this rich country. We are indicted, tried, and condemned by our textile workers. From time to time they remind us of this fact by a strike.

Fourteen years ago all of us who saw the strike in Lawrence were horrified at the conditions we found. Heads of families were working for $9, for $12. People lived in dwellings that were no better than rat-holes. It was then that Vida Scudder, professor in Wellesley College, stated that the women of this country would refuse to wear cloth

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manufactured under such conditions if they knew the price in human life being paid for it.

Now after fourteen years we see people whose real wages are but little higher than those of Lawrence days. We see them living in tenements so ill-ventilated, in rooms so dark with walls that sweat so much moisture that the tenements of New York seem pleasant, airy places in comparison. Even in 1912 the laws of Massachusetts prevented some of the scandalous conditions of Passaic. Children under sixteen were not allowed to work in the mills. Passaic children of fourteen are permitted to work an eight-hour day. Night work for women was not permitted in Massachusetts. In Passaic we have the spectacle of hundreds upon hundreds of women, the most overburdened of all the population, the mothers of large families, forced by their husbands' low wages to work in the mills. These women, who may have six, seven, and eight children, go to work at night. They work for ten hours a night, five nights a week. They have no dinner hour. At midnight a recess of fifteen minutes is accorded them. They return home in the morning to get the children off to school and to do the housework. Most of them have children under school age as well and these they must attend to during the day—rest or no rest.

It is this night-work in the mills that marks the difference between the bright-looking, eager girls and the dragged, hopeless, tired older faces which one sees, faces blurred by fatigue. The bearing of many children, the constant fight against poverty, the existence in overcrowded, unaired rooms, the long, grilling, inhuman hours of night-work make these women's lives a nightmare of fatigue.

A law was passed by the legislature of New Jersey forbidding night-work of women. A group of women mill workers appeared at Trenton and begged to have this law repealed. Of course they did. How can a family of nine people live on $20? Of course these women will clamor to be allowed to kill themselves with night-work rather than forego the pittance which they make.

The recent wage cut was written in terms of life and death. The textile workers live so near the margin of destitution that 10 per cent taken from them means undernourishment and disease and eventually death. The men and women in Passaic have met the conditions imposed on them with heroism and have tried for their children's sake to make good homes out of nothing. In the miserable dark rooms in which they live you will find bright hangings, touching bunches of gay paper flowers, often spotless cleanliness, always an attempt at beauty. Through their strike the textile workers have again questioned our civilization.

It would be impossible for any right-thinking man or woman to go into the homes of Passaic and talk to the women who work on the night shift without feeling that a personal responsibility had been laid upon him or her. When there is such want and suffering, when conditions of toil are so degrading, when the places that human beings live in are so indecent it becomes the concern of the public at large to make its power felt and to see that this state of things is altered.

The Democrats Stand by Mellon

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., March 6

ONE of the things that still puzzles the unsophisticated at this session of Congress is the curious supineness, the amazing inertia of the Democrats in the Senate in matters affecting Mr. Mellon. It is conceded that one of the functions of the minority party is to pick flaws in the majority, to seize upon its weaknesses, to hit it in the vulnerable spots. Vigilance along these lines not only serves a party purpose but by keeping the dominant majority from becoming too cock-sure and confident actually serves the country too. It helps keep them honest.

Up to date Mr. Mellon unquestionably has been one of the great assets of the Coolidge Administration and the Republican Party. More than any other agency or individual, he has solidified back of Mr. Coolidge the journalistic, banking, and business support upon which his prestige is built and which prevents the public from taking his real measure as a man. Not many dispute that.

It would seem reasonable and natural for the Democrats to take what legitimate openings are presented to discount the idea that Mr. Mellon is a sacred and shining figure, beyond fear and above reproach, whose heroic self-sacrifice and financial genius make him the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton." But when the chance has come they have singularly failed to avail themselves of it. They have not only failed to look for opportunities to spoil this beautiful picture themselves but when opportunity, initiative, evidence, and facts are supplied by Senatorial members of Mr. Mellon's own party, regular Republicans in good standing, the Democratic leaders have sat in their seats and failed to follow through or even to offer the least assistance.

Some have, without analysis and without answer to Senator Couzens's charges, many of which never have been answered, indicated their support of Mr. Mellon and their belief that it is outrageous to say these things about such a good and great man. Others have shaken deprecatory heads at Senators Couzens and Norris when they assailed the Secretary, and indicated sympathy with the remarks of the official Mellon defender, Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, even on the remarkable occasion when that gentleman, misunderstanding the charges, made an eloquent speech convicting the Mellon banks of evading a $91,000 payment while under the impression he was exonerating them.

With the exception of Senator Walsh, not a Democratic Senator this session has raised his voice in outright criticism of the Secretary of the Treasury. The real criticism has come from Republicans, Senators Couzens and Norris, and while it has been given little prominence in the newspapers, the allegations made have certainly been of a kind to justify some attention. For example, Couzens has charged that the largest refund made to any individual was $400,000 to Mr. Mellon personally, that huge allowances were made irregularly for corporations and the banks controlled by the Mellon interests, that rulings by which rich

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newspaper publishers supporting the Administration have escaped payment of many thousands have been made improperly, that favoritism has been shown great oil companies by which they have escaped assessment on many millions.

These and other things have been charged openly by Couzens as a result of his investigation of the Internal Revenue Bureau. Some of them have been answered by the Treasury, some by Senator Reed, some not at all. But in no instance have the Democrats thought it worth while to give Senator Couzens even passive support. He has fought practically a single-handed fight without newspaper sympathy or support, with his own party hostile, the other party passive, and a suit for $10,000,000 back taxes swung at him by the Treasury after he made his first charges against the bureau.

When you consider the odds against him, there is really something heroic in the Couzens fight. Whatever you may think of his judgment or the merits of his charges, it is impossible not to admire his courage. Nor is it possible to dismiss him as a demagogue. He happens, besides being a Republican, to be a highly successful business man and is, next to Mr. Mellon, the richest individual holding public office in America today.

As for the Democrats it is doubtful whether any minority party ever before played such a role as theirs today in the Senate toward Mr. Mellon. Privately they assert forcefully enough their belief that Couzens has done a good job and ought to get more credit. Privately they say that Mr. Mellon's services and Mr. Mellon's capacity are tremendously overrated and that the idea that he is a wonderful official is all moonshine and propaganda. But publicly they do not say these things. On the contrary, they deprecate the blunt attack of Republican Senator Couzens and Republican Senator Norris against the Republican Secretary of the Treasury.

It is a singular situation. Various explanations to account for the attitude of individual Democratic Senators are offered. In one instance a social connection and a personal tie are said to be the cause of a pro-Mellon feeling. In another, a Southern Senator, not previously well fixed financially, made a couple of hundred thousand dollars in real estate during the recess last year, and this has had an amazingly conservatizing influence on him. It has made him feel as if he were part and parcel of the interests against which he used to inveigh. With several other Senators the location in their States of large Mellon plants, directed by dominant and powerful local men, is regarded as a softening influence.

But none of these is the real reason. One important explanation is the awe inspired by the tremendous wealth of the man and the certainty that any criticism of him, no matter what the grounds, will not be credited by the public and will be resented hotly by the newspapers and the business and professional elements which have placed him on a pedestal.

The other reason—and that is the most powerful of all—is a singularly simple one. It is this: The bulk of the Democratic Senators, as well as the Republican Senators, in the last two years have had to go to the Internal Revenue Bureau time and again in the interests of influential individuals or interests in their States who wanted an exemption for this or an allowance for that.

The bulk of the Democrats, as well as the Republicans, have been asking and receiving favors from the Internal Revenue Bureau. Not one of them knows when he will be forced to go there and ask for more. Almost any question can be decided by the bureau in three or four different ways—all legal. One of these ways saves a man or a firm a lot of money, and the others do not.

It is not necessary to pursue the subject. It ought to be easy for anyone to see why many Democratic Senators feel in no position to join with Senators Couzens and Norris in their assaults on the Internal Revenue Bureau. Seeing his elaborate and carefully built-up case fall flat and the crowd from whom he expected support look the other way, it is no wonder Senator Couzens ruefully shakes his head and says, "Give me control of the Internal Revenue Bureau and I will run the politics of the whole darn country."

Some here express the situation in another way. There is, they say, no longer a Democratic and a Republican Party in the Senate. There is now a Mellon party and a small anti-Mellon party, composed not of Democrats but of the little group of independent Republicans, Progressives, and Senator Walsh. That is about the situation.

The Great Steel City

By BARBARA BIBER

Rain drips through the fingertips of the steel city,
The tired raindrops are singing a melody in blue,
Wearied and lonely.

The steel city flexes the muscles in her fingertips,
And a man slips like an eel from a scaffold,
Wearied and lonely.

The city's tongue is hoisted to speak
And the boats on the river sink to the bottom,
Wearied and lonely.

The steel city winks its great right eye to the twilight,
And the soothing blue ignites into scorching red,
Tired and wearied.

The great steel city
Is beyond itself.
It is lost in the myriads of numbers.

The great steel city
Has grown too strong.
It is afraid to move its fingers.

The great steel city
Can no longer speak,
The derricks are too weak for her tongue.

The great steel city
Must live alone,
It fears to wink at the twilight.

The great steel city
Wants to laugh aloud,
But it fears.

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Past and Future in the Philippines

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Manila, January 25

IN the Philippines the past of Asia, in which white men built empires, and the future, in which the colored races will rule themselves, are at war.

The United States came into these islands twenty-five years ago with a mixture of imperial self-confidence and ultra-democratic idealism. We had no settled imperial policy, and while we ardently and atrociously suppressed immediate attempts at Filipino independence, we told them that it was all for their good; and, oddly, we meant it. Governor Taft proceeded to talk about "the Philippines for the Filipinos"; a succession of Presidents assured the Filipinos that they would have independence as soon as they were ready for it, hinting that the day would come soon; we enacted the conservationist land laws which so annoy the rubber men today; we established schools all over the islands and introduced the islanders to Patrick Henry crying "Liberty or death," to the Declaration of Independence, to Daniel Webster, and to Abraham Lincoln. We built roads, developed the port of Manila, introduced measures of sanitation theretofore unknown in the Orient, promoted baseball as a substitute for cock-fighting, put shirts and trousers on some of those who had, in the tropical manner, preferred less, and established a neat little framework of a Western democratic government.

The astonished Filipinos absorbed the lesson rapidly, and soon began shouting for "immediate, complete, and absolute independence." We did not grant that, but we sent them a governor general who believed in it, and Congress passed the Jones bill, which was a sort of charter of self-government. It had many ambiguous clauses, but Governor Harrison interpreted it to mean that the Filipinos should run their own government, and they did. When he arrived in Manila in 1913, 28 per cent of the public offices were filled by Americans; when he left in 1921 the figure had been reduced to 4 per cent, and Filipinos occupied every cabinet office but one.

About that time two things happened: the bottom fell out of the world market, and General Leonard Wood arrived in the Philippines. Sugar, hemp, cocoanut oil, and copra constitute three-quarters of the Philippine exports, and sugar alone accounts for nearly a third. Now, in 1921, the average value of a 100-pound sack of sugar dropped to just 30 per cent of what it had been in 1920; the value of hemp fell 50 per cent, and of copra and cocoanut oil 40 per cent. The United States was also in the doldrums, and by our tariff laws we had made the United States the overwhelmingly dominant market for the Philippine Islands. In 1921 the United States, feeling poor, bought less than one-fifth as many Manila cigars as in 1920, and cigars are the only other large export of the islands. To the Philippines these events were more catastrophic than it would be for the United States if the entire European market were wiped out.

Under Governor Harrison the Filipinos had done more than govern themselves; they had indulged in a little experiment in state socialism. They had founded, with government capital, the Philippine National Bank; they had bought out the Manila Railroad; they had established a government coal company, a government cement plant, and a series of government-financed sugar centrals. If the high prices of 1918-1920 had continued these experiments might have been known to the historians as examples of far-visioned statesmanship; but the bottom dropped out of the market, and accordingly they are cited as evidences of Filipino incapacity for handling business and government.

Now, the Filipinos had done these things not because they had any interest in the theories of Karl Marx but because the national interest suggested them. The Filipinos saw no reason why all the bank profits made in the islands should go to New York financiers who preferred to lend money to men of their own race and color; they did not like the British management of their railway; they thought the price of imported coal and cement too high, and hoped to develop their own resources. Whatever their reasons, a combination of circumstances worked against them. The bank was carelessly managed; all the enterprises borrowed money too lavishly, and when the bottom dropped out of the market they looked extremely sick.

Leonard Wood and Cameron Forbes, governor-to-be and ex-governor, arrived in the islands in the spring of 1921, made a whirlwind tour, and reported that almost everything Governor Harrison had done was wrong. He had given the islands too much self-government, so that the morale of the services had run down, they said, and in particular he had encouraged these horrible socialistic enterprises. The governor general must have more power, they insisted, and the Philippine Government must get itself out of business.

The Filipinos did not like either recommendation. Allied with congressional inertia they were able to stop any additional grant of power from Washington; and they clung to their pet Philippine enterprises. Governor Wood, they said, wanted to sell their country to the Wall Street capitalists. In this, of course there was an element of truth: Governor Wood has a horror of government in business, and believed that the only hope for the enterprises was to put them in the hands of experienced American business men. The bank, upon audit, appeared to have lost all of its capital and most of its deposits; but its doors are still open. Five years after Governor Wood's arrival it is still advancing money to the sugar planters in the hope that prices will some day go up again so that it can recover its frozen assets. One of the sugar centrals is making money; the others are still losing. The railroad has begun to pay dividends; but the coal company still loses, and even Manuel Quezon is now ready to sell the cement plant. (A new and more ardent left wing, headed by Mr. Tomas Confesor, is, however, denouncing the proposed sale.) In all these undertakings there was discovered plain evidence of incompetence and reckless speculation, and some dishonesty. All this is constantly cited as proof of Filipino incapacity for self-government. It is quite true that the Filipinos lack men of experience in corporate administration and large-scale finance; it is also true, as they point out, that some of the heaviest losses of the bank were suffered in its Shanghai branch, which was managed by Americans; and some of them recall the history of the Bank of the United States.

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Governor Wood, unable to persuade the Filipinos to sell their pet projects, proceeded patiently to help them to clean up. For the first year or two things went reasonably well. But the Governor had certain fixed ideas of constitutional procedure upon which it proved impossible to agree. The Jones bill said that the governor had "supreme executive authority"; it also said that the legislature had "general legislative powers." Under Governor Harrison the legislature had passed bills taking control of subordinate officials out of the hands of the governor general. Governor Wood believed such legislation unconstitutional and therefore void. Friction grew, and finally, over the miserable Conley case, came the "crisis" of 1923. Conley was an American detective on the Manila police force. His record was not spotless, but his real crime appeared to be catching relatives of politicians. He was tried for bribery and acquitted—twice—of the specific charge against him. The Filipino officials refused to reinstate him; the Governor insisted that any law denying his right to reinstate Conley was unconstitutional, and he reinstated him. Thereupon the entire Council of State, consisting of the president of the Senate, the speaker of the House, and the cabinet secretaries, resigned. The Governor accepted their resignations, and has since been carrying on with the under-secretaries. (Some say that these, being civil-service men rather than political appointees, are preferable to the old.)

The fight was on. The Governor vetoed bills galore. He vetoed 31 of the 84 bills passed at the 1923-1924 session; he vetoed 24 of the 72 passed at the last session. Many of these were excellent vetoes; some were recommended by the acting department secretaries. Several were, I think, silly vetoes, such as the veto of a bill changing the name of the town Duero to Wilson, and that of a bill which, while retaining adultery as the sole ground of divorce, would have made it unnecessary for a man to prosecute and convict his wife in open court before he was entitled to sue for divorce. It should be said in the Governor's favor that the non-cooperation policy pursued by the Filipinos made it impossible for him to suggest amendments while bills were still under discussion, and that a flood of bills is regularly dumped on his desk after the legislature has already adjourned. The next battle came when the insular auditor, another Washington appointee, declared the annual million-peso appropriation for the Philippine Independence Commission unconstitutional, thereby felling one of the favorite Filipino plum-trees. Many unfair charges, however, have been published about the extravagances of these commissions. They never spent their million pesos in any year and seldom spent half of them; and, by a curious American joke, the expenses of the Woods-Forbes commission were actually charged against the Independence fund! "There didn't seem to be any other funds available," said the insular auditor.

I leave Manila with a heightened respect for Governor Wood's quality. He knows the islands as few men know them; he loves them; he has their interests at heart. He is an able, devoted administrator; but he is not a great educator, and our task is not merely to govern these islands but to train them for self-government. Today, however wise Governor Wood's vetoes and suggestions for administrative reform may be, the Filipinos are irritated into opposing them. Governor Wood does not transfer his wisdom to them. He is, in a way, a tragic figure—stranded out here, and unsuccessful even here. His face is set in deep, disappointed lines. He has his code—a military code—of honor, and he is sticking to it wearily. He has lost hope of a personal future and is just doggedly trying to finish a job.

Part of his difficulty lies in the men who surround him. Since the "crisis" he has depended for advice upon a group of army officers; and military men, especially when they come from the South, think there is only one way to deal with colored races. Military men, too—including Governor Wood—have little patience with the foibles of democracies. The Filipinos have been promised independence when they achieve a "stable government." And this is the way in which Governor Wood once defined that little phrase:

> A stable government means civic courage, courts of justice which give equal opportunities to the senator as well as to the simple tao, resources ready for disposal at any moment they are needed by the country, organization which will enable the country to defend its integrity, adequate hospitals all over the islands which are not found in the provinces we have just visited, social organization which shows keen human interest in the protection of the needy and the poor, effective public sanitation, common language, and many others.

What government in the world, on that definition, is stable?

This winter two new bombshells burst: President Coolidge's message to Congress recommending an increase in the powers of the governor general; and the rubber propaganda to retain the islands forever. There has always been a movement, sponsored by the American Chamber of Commerce in the Philippines (whose secretary, incidentally, is the Manila correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*), to annex the islands, but until this year of inflated rubber prices it did not much alarm the Filipinos. Today they are afraid; they begin to question the good faith of the United States; and when Mr. Coolidge's message came the two parties which had been fighting each other suddenly downed arms and formed a coalition* to fight as one for the threatened cause of their country's independence.

As a matter of fact they have not been in a great hurry for independence. They want to be sure of it, and they want it in their own lifetime. If the choice is between now and never, they will choose now. They will always vote for it now. But they know that only a part of their people has yet caught up with the twentieth century, that they are still only 40 per cent literate (which is better than Spain), and privately, in confidential conversation, they plead for a continued friendly connection with the United States. They cite the example of Canada and Great Britain. They hope that the United States will always have a special interest in them; and when an outline of the proposed Barrows bill was published, suggesting that they pay for the fortifications erected by the United States in their territory, lose their tariff and immigration privileges, and in general cut totally loose, they were appalled. In the background is still a vast mass of accumulated good-will. We have not exploited these islands—although the prevailing American idea of our benevolence is a bit exaggerated. (Filipino revenues have paid for all the "American" improvements here, except for a famine gift of $3,000,000 in 1903 and the cost of the army.) The people, in the mass, like Americans. Ride through the little banana-and-cocoanut villages of the interior, and hear the chorus of "Hello, Americano" that sweeps from the window of one nipa-palm hut to the next if you doubt it. They still like us. Will they always?

* The "coalition pact" signed by the two Filipino parties was published in the International Relations Section of last week's issue.

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It is in the most backward districts that we are best liked. And it is the most backward peoples whom the colonial Americans most praise. An American officer's wife bared the reason when she said:

> The Moros and the mountain people have breeding. They have a sense of rank and of class distinctions. They know what discipline means—their tribal head-men give orders which are instantly obeyed, and the American governor is to them simply the big head-man, to be obeyed as unquestioningly as their own chiefs. Filipinos (the lowland 90 per cent of the population) lack that recognition of authority. They think themselves as good as any man, and always want to argue. Admitting no man's superiority, they are *habitually discourteous and insolent.*

What too many Americans in these islands want are docile servants. The spirit of democracy they call "insolence." They believe in caste and class and race lines, and they are at no pains to conceal their feelings from the Filipinos. "All lowland Filipinos are lazy, incompetent liars," said one grouchy American at dinner, while his Filipino boy stood behind him, drinking in every word. Many American women will not dance with a man who has danced with Filipino women; he becomes in their eyes, a "squaw man." Two handsome clubs of tropical luxury dominate the Luneta, the center of the new Manila. No Filipino ever enters the Elks Club except as a servant; and, with rare exceptions, the same is true of that hotbed of race patriotism, the Army and Navy Club. The people in the back country do not know these things; they do not care—yet. But as the flood of graduates emerges from the schools each year, as the number grows of young men accustomed to wear white linen suits, who believe themselves the equal of other men, just as they have been taught in American textbooks, the gulf between Americans and Filipinos widens. Inevitably the Filipino resents contempt for his race: inevitably he tries to shove out the white-faced man and put a brown face "just as good" in his place.

All the white men of the Eastern empires dread Filipino independence. They do not want a free nation of colored people to rise in their midst and smash to bits the ancient fable of the white man's burden. They want to stay forever, ruling these rich Eastern empires, "for the good of the natives," even if it means killing thousands of them. And the Americans in these islands have been infected.

We have almost done what no white nation has yet done in history—trained a dark people in freedom, and set it free. The rubber men and the chambers of commerce have filled the world with doubts of our good faith. In the interest of American honor as well as of the Filipinos we must make our purpose clear. Shall we set this people free? And when? We had almost marched into the future; but today we seem to be slipping into the dead ruts of the past.

Poe's Idea of Beauty*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

POE'S body of critical doctrine, first suggested in a preface to the 1831 volume of poems, developed piecemeal in various critiques, and finally rather completely summarized in "The Philosophy of Composition" and "The Poetic Principle," may be briefly stated as follows:

The world of literature is essentially a hierarchy. At the bottom are the realistic works based upon "that evil genius of mere matter of fact" against whose "groveling and degrading assumptions" it is the duty of the critic to fight with every weapon in his power. The middle ground is occupied by that species of prose tale in which the artist, "having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect," while at the top stands the true poem, which may be defined as the rhythmical creation of beauty.

Man is born with an instinct for this thing called beauty and in the world of nature he finds much to satisfy it. "And just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms and sounds and colors and odors and sentiments a duplicate source of delight." Such description is not, however, real poetry, because it concerns itself only with the actual and attainable.

> He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights and sounds and odors and colors and sentiments which greet *him* in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of Man. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us—but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle, by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of Time, to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements, perhaps, appertain to eternity alone.

Because this beauty is by definition unrealizable a certain indefiniteness is one of its attributes, and thus "Music is the perfection of the soul, or idea, of poetry. The *vagueness* of exaltation aroused by a sweet air (which should be strictly indefinite and never too strongly suggestive) is precisely what we should aim at in poetry." "Affectation, within bounds, is . . . no blemish," but since "ideality" is the supreme attribute of poetry it must never even when dealing with its chief subject, love, be concerned to any great extent with passion. "It is precisely this 'unpassionate emotion' which is the limit of the true poetical art. Passion proper and poetry are discordant. Poetry, in elevating, tranquilizes the *soul.* With the *heart* it has nothing to do." "This [poetic] Principle itself is, strictly and simply, the Human Aspiration for Supernal Beauty, the manifestation of the Principle is always found in *an elevating excitement of the soul*—quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the Heart—or of that Truth which is the sat-

* This article is an extract from "Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius," to be published by Alfred A. Knopf. Mr. Krutch attempts to demonstrate that Poe's poems and stories are an imaginative adjustment to the two dominant facts of Poe's personality: a neurotic sense of inferiority and a psychic sexual incapacity. In the present section he considers Poe's critical theory in relation to these same factors and suggests the general problems which are raised by the psychological method of criticism.

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isfaction of the Reason. For, in regard to Passion, alas! its tendency is to degrade, rather than to elevate the Soul. Love, on the contrary—Love—the true, the divine Eros—the Uranian, as distinguished from the Dionæan Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetic themes." "A passionate poem is a contradiction in terms."

It is impossible that the soul should remain in this state of elevation for more than a short time. "All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of art." "'Paradise Lost' is to be regarded as poetical only when, losing sight of that vital requisite in all works of Art, Unity, we view it merely as a series of minor poems. If, to preserve its Unity—its totality of effort or impression—we read it (as would be necessary) at a single sitting, the result is but a constant alternation of excitement and depression. After a passage of what we feel to be true poetry, there follows, inevitably, a passage of platitude which no critical pre-judgment can force us to admire; but if, upon completing the work, we read it again; omitting the first book—that is to say, commencing with the second—we shall be surprised at now finding that admirable which we before condemned—that damnable which we had previously so much admired." Finally, "all experience has shown" that in the highest manifestations of Beauty the "tone is one of *sadness*. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetic tones." "This certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of true Beauty."

As a result of this analysis of the attributes of supreme beauty it should be possible to discover one subject which satisfies more completely than any other all the requirements, and such is indeed the case:

> Now, never losing sight of the object *supremeness*, or perfection, at all points, I asked myself—"Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the *universal* understanding of mankind, is the *most* melancholy?" Death—was the obvious reply. "And when," I said, "is this most melancholy of topics most poetical?" From what I have already explained at some length, the answer, here also is obvious—"When it most closely allies itself to *Beauty*": the death, then, of a beautiful woman, is, unquestionably, the most poetical topic in the world."

In considering this body of doctrine one cannot but be struck, first of all, by the remarkable appearance of logical completeness which it presents, for once its premises are granted the conclusions are drawn with the same elaborate clarity which is characteristic of Poe's ratiocinative tales. In the second place, it is evident that they do contain certain elements of truth. The definition of beauty does at least describe very clearly a kind of beauty, and thus though the doctrines may not have the universality claimed for them, they do succeed in doing in their own way all that the best set of critical principles has ever done, which is, not to lay down the laws which govern all art but to define, as accurately as is possible, a style. Yet it is certainly a work of supererogation to point out that this definition is merely a description of the effect which Poe himself was endeavoring to produce, and since his art was the result of an unrecognized and uncontrollable need, it must follow that the criticism is, like the thing criticized, the product not of the abstract reason of which Poe was so proud but of the forces which led him into a system of rationalization which became ever more complex.

The sources of his criticism have been frequently discussed. It has often been stated that his master was Coleridge and the statement is true—in so far as he had any master except himself. Thus in the preface to the 1831 volume the central doctrine was expressed as follows: "A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth." If we compare this with the statement of Coleridge that "A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object not truth," it will appear that Poe's only contribution is to be found in the phrase "in my opinion." Yet it is not to be supposed that the youthful poet, after a thorough course of study in aesthetics, had decided to make his works conform to the theories of Coleridge. Nothing is more characteristic of his mind than the pertinacity with which he held to a useful phrase or a fact upon which he had chanced to fall, and he needed no more than a hint such as he got in this sentence from Coleridge or in Bacon's dictum concerning beauty and strangeness to set him off upon a line of thought which led him through numerous by-paths until it seemed to cover the universe. Coleridge's remark was true because there was need to defend his non-moral art in a country where literature was generally considered the handmaiden of utilitarian ethics, just as Bacon's was true because the beauty which Poe himself created had always that element of strangeness. Taking the two together he could prove that his own work was pure and perfect, and the hidden spring of energy behind his critical writing was the desire to do just that.

What had been said of the central principle of his aesthetic may be said with equal truth of all its details. It may be, as has been suggested, that his idea of brevity as essential to a true poem was taken from Schlegel, but the fact that he was himself incapable of sustained effort is surely of more significance in accounting for the existence of the idea than any German source whatsoever. So too his assertion that the highest beauty is always passionless and always melancholy is less the result of a logical deduction than of the fact that to him passion was always repellent and the highest pleasure shadowed by sadness. Because he did not himself realize what it was that he sought, a vagueness like music is inseparable from the highest poetry, and, finally and most specifically, because only unattainable women could move without maddening him, "The most poetic of all ideas is the death of a beautiful woman."

Poe's criticism is, then, as intensely personal as his poetry or his fiction. Beauty as he defines it includes nothing except beauty of the sort which he himself produced. And the primary value of the criticism is as an interpretation, not of literature in general but of his own works.

It must be remembered, moreover, that however true this interpretation may be upon the level of art it is upon the level of psychology either false or at least misleading. The logic with which he supports his principles is not the product of a free mind but an elaborate rationalization whose real function is to support a predetermined taste; the character of the satisfaction which his contemplation of "the beautiful" produces is not such as he sees it and describes it—a sort of intimation of that beauty which lies beyond human apprehension—but instead a balm to wounded

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nerves; and while he is related to those French decadents who acknowledge to a greater extent than he does the psychological meaning of their temperaments, he creates for his works a different significance by inventing an aesthetic which assigns to them new values. Thus his criticism is not only an analysis of his own work but an analysis made by one who did not fully understand the genesis of the thing analyzed and was unconsciously eager to disguise its origin from himself as well as from others.

We have, then, traced Poe's art to an abnormal condition of the nerves and his critical ideas to a rationalized defense of the limitations of his own taste. We have also indicated that even as an interpretation of his own works his criticism falls short of psychological truth and it might seem that we had thus undertaken to destroy the value of his work. Such is far, however, from being the intention. The question whether or not the case of Poe represents an exaggerated example of the process by which all creation is performed is at least an open question. The extent to which all imaginative works are the result of the unfulfilled desires which spring from either idiosyncratic or universally human maladjustments to life is only beginning to be investigated, and with it is linked the related question of the extent to which all critical principles are at bottom the systematized and rationalized expression of instinctive tastes which are conditioned by causes often unknown to those whom they affect. The problem of finding an answer to these questions and of determining what effect, if any, the findings in any particular case should have upon the evaluation of the works of imagination or interpretation so produced is the one distinctly new problem which the critic of today is called upon to consider. He must, in a word, endeavor to find the relationship which exists between psychology and aesthetics.

Whatever a critic can convincingly read into a work may be said to be actually there, even though it be thought of as the creation of the critic rather than of the author criticized. And the works of Poe have his own interpretations of them as one of the various modes in which they exist. They have been read in the light of his intention and the effect which they have produced has been at least so modified by that intention as to be different from the effect which they would have produced had he and his readers been aware of the psychological processes behind them. That legend of himself which he fashioned in a manner so marvelously inclusive that it employs as material everything from the events of his daily life to the products of his imagination is finally completed by his interpretation. His criticism inscribes a curve within which everything else is included; it unifies all the various aspects of his life and work; and thus it makes his legend as a whole, rather than any of the individual stories or poems which are but a part of it, his supreme artistic creation.

In the Driftway

THERE is nothing more entertaining, it seems to the Drifter, than a gathering of people who have studied in the ancient city of Oxford, where one learns, as Stephen Leacock has put it, by being "smoked at." The Drifter had the good fortune recently to be present at such a gathering, and he has been smiling to himself ever since. Early in the evening, very early, the merits of every "pub" in and about Oxford were discussed with fine discrimination; and from there the conversation followed devious paths. The Drifter heard once more the story of the American student (imaginary) who wrote home that he had attended a dinner of brussels sprouts, "in honor of the heads of the colleges." There were also new tales of the old white-bearded scholars with colds in their heads who hover about the Bodleian, like ghosts of the past, their handkerchiefs knotted at the four corners and pulled over venerable heads in a feeble attempt to thwart the pitiless drafts of that bleak but excellent library. And the member of the group who had most recently visited the university reported how one of Mr. Woolworth's lurid ten-cent flowers had bloomed on the Corn.

* * * * *

BUT the most amusing story was reserved until the last. And the Drifter cannot resist passing it on. The tale relates how a great linoleum king tried to enter his son at Oxford. This king from somewhere in America, finding himself in London, decided that he should like to have his son, the crown prince, become a student at Oxford. He forthwith hired a magnificent Rolls Royce automobile and drove with his son to the university. From college to college the great car rolled. And each time the father and son came back from the college office empty-handed. Finally, in desperation, the ambitious father sought a fellow-countryman prominent in American circles at Oxford, and begged for help. The American student obligingly arranged for them an interview with the head of the college to which he himself belonged. The rector was a kindly old gentleman. He questioned the boy concerning his previous studies. Said the crown prince, "I have had mathematics, a little Latin, typewriting—and business English." The kindly gentleman reached for a book. "This," he said slowly, "is very easy Latin. I'm sure you can read it. I'd like to hear you translate this paragraph." The boy took the book—and there was a pause. "I—I don't know the first word," he said timidly. The rector obligingly told him what it was. Another long pause. "I—I don't know the second word." Again the rector helped him out. Still another, longer pause. The crown prince was getting nervous. "I—I don't know the third word." For the third time the rector told him the meaning of the word. The boy grew very nervous. "Sir," he said, "I know what it means—I'm sure I know what it means—but I can't put it into English exactly——" The old gentleman smiled kindly, helpfully. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you could put it into—business English."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Help Atlanta University

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last number of *The Nation* W. E. Burghardt Du Bois explains the cause of the university's present crisis: "It early gave alumni representation on its board of trustees, and it insisted upon social equality between the races within the walls of the institution." It is nothing less than an indictment of the white race that only such institutions of learning as establish the same atmosphere of racial inequality within as is felt outside receive adequate financial support.

I have visited Atlanta University and I am glad to raise

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my voice with that of Arthur Twining Hadley and Ernest M. Hopkins as to the excellence of the work done there in the face of cruel handicaps and most discouraging limitations. Do not think that Atlanta University is too "highbrow" to teach practical subjects. Besides the courses leading to the academic degree, there is provision for the study of agriculture, printing, home making, and all kinds of manual training.

Among the graduates of the university are some of the most distinguished writers and social workers among the colored people. James Weldon Johnson, the poet and speaker; Walter White, the novelist and investigator, and Augustus Dill, business manager of the *Crisis*, are among its honored graduates, besides nine principals of public schools, 122 public-school teachers, many editors, physicians, principals of private schools, lawyers, bishops, deans of colleges, and three college presidents.

The crisis at the university is immediate. There are outstanding bills that cannot be paid until more funds are in the treasury. Thirty-one thousand dollars is needed for the current expenses for this year. Mrs. Rush, a representative of Atlanta University, has come to New York to describe the acute needs of her institution. Contributions may be sent to her at the 137th Street Branch of the Y. W. C. A., or to me at 12 East Eighty-sixth Street.

New York, March 4 ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

Christian Science Answers Professor Jastrow

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall appreciate an opportunity to correct certain erroneous statements regarding Christian Science and its discoverer and founder, Mary Baker Eddy, contained in Mr. Joseph Jastrow's review of the book entitled "The Faith, the Failure, and the Falsity of Christian Science," issued under the joint authorship of Woodbridge Riley, Frederick W. Peabody, and Dr. Charles E. Humiston, published in your issue of February 10. Mr. Jastrow, as an example, is mistaken in his assumption that the misleading article on Christian Science which Mr. Riley now gives to us in the volume under discussion was deleted from the Cambridge History of American Literature by its publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, at the instance of the Christian Science Church. The facts are that Putnam's, impelled by a genuine respect for decent womanhood, were unwilling that the imprint of their firm should be found upon an article the main purpose of which was to malign the character of one who was not here to defend herself. In a letter referring to this incident, Mr. Irving Putnam, of the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, wrote:

> As soon as the article had been read by a member of our publishing board we decided that as publishers we would not stand for a chapter that was so outrageous in tone and contained such offensive references. We so announced our decision. The article on Christian Science and the article on the . . . were both canceled on our own initiative and new articles substituted in their place. These articles were not suppressed by reason of any demand or request of those outside of our office.

Following the rejection of his article by Putnam's, Mr. Riley found himself in the unhappy position of a disappointed author balked in the effort to vent his spleen against the Christian Science religion under the pretext of making an authoritative contribution to the history of American literature. This may account for the fact that he now passionately defends his sources of information without in the slightest degree weighing their value or dependability. Such procedure is hardly in keeping with the position Mr. Riley holds in the educational world.

The situation is somewhat similar with his collaborator Mr. Peabody, who, some twenty years ago, was unsuccessful in conducting a suit against Mrs. Eddy. He, too, is guilty of making statements without having competent evidence to support them.

The contribution of Dr. Humiston, the last of this literary trio, has been aptly characterized by one reviewer as "ludicrously unscientific," this reviewer adding: "Its assumption that an alleged system of healing can be proved a failure by a citation of seventy-one cases would make short work of the medical profession itself."

The authors of the book in question have advanced many theories regarding Christian Science which are entirely foreign to its practice and not to be found in its teachings. There is, for instance, no parallelism between Christian Science, Quimbyism, and the doctrine of Mr. Alcott; and no more is there any actual or pretended occult relation between practitioner and patient. Moreover, the use of will power and suggestion, to which reference is frequently made, is specifically prohibited in Christian Science practice. Christian Science with its system of spiritual healing is original with Mrs. Eddy, and our critics' efforts to trace its genealogy to sources other than the Bible, coupled with the implication that it was nurtured in occult mysticism, are the best possible proof that they have failed utterly to grasp the fundamentals of Mrs. Eddy's religious teachings. There is, of course, a similarity in the terminology employed by all writers on the subject of mental and spiritual healing. Messrs. Quimby and Alcott, for example, used terminology common to their day. Mrs. Eddy has done likewise. Aside from this, however, these systems of thought have nothing in common. As to Mr. Quimby's mode of treatment, I may say that he used physical manipulation and suggestion; while Mrs. Eddy relied wholly upon the prayer of spiritual understanding. To contend that such methods bear the slightest likeness to Christian Science treatment is but to betray one's total ignorance of the teachings and practice of this religion.

Despite a campaign of vilification there comes a time when an intelligent public turns to authoritative sources for its information regarding the character and work of great leaders and teachers. This is precisely what is happening today in connection with Mrs. Eddy and her manifold activities. Honest inquiry is revealing the fact that she is loved and respected by thousands both within and without the Christian Science movement. Many are also learning for the first time that Mrs. Eddy was not only highly esteemed by individual friends and acquaintances but on more than one occasion great governments and representative institutions conferred upon her without solicitation honors that her would-be traducers might seek in vain. The Victoria Institute of London, as an example, paid Mrs. Eddy the compliment of electing her an associate life member; while the French Government made her an Officer of the French Academy. This latter action was taken at the instance of M. Briand, present Premier of France. It is also noteworthy that Governor Samuel D. Felker of New Hampshire, her native State, said in a public address: "As Daniel Webster was the son of New Hampshire, so Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, was first among the women of the Granite State. She has left the impress of her work not only on New England but on the entire world; and we are proud of her." On the same occasion Hon. Edwin C. Eastman, then attorney general of New Hampshire, stated: "I am glad to say that I have known Mrs. Eddy well, and I am very proud of her for her religious views and citizenship. I consider her the most remarkable woman, perhaps, that this country or any other country has produced."

In passing judgment on Mrs. Eddy and her efforts in behalf of mankind it should be remembered that for more than half a century the religious teachings and healing ministry founded by her have been subjected to the test of practical application; and all fair-minded people will measure the value of her work by its fruits rather than by the views of biased critics.

New York, February 16 CHARLES E. HEITMAN,
Christian Science Committee on Publication

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Books, Art, Plays

Modeler's Middle-Age

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

I will break my vases,
The mold I will break.
This is the last vase
I shall make.

I will have done with molding
This familiar stuff.
Vases are for holding;
Mine would not hold enough.

Life is short and death is sure,
Man walks on the earth alone;
These are things would not come pure
Even if I worked in stone.

Love must always be unspoken,
Faith must come to its relief;
Mold and models must be broken
Now I know that life is brief.

This last vase is nearly done;
By a wall across the street
Old men are sitting in the sun
With knowledge and defeat.

They drowse; but I have restless hands
Will keep me awake—
Thumbing out the vases
I shall never make.

First Glance

I FIRST became acquainted with Isabella Agneta Elizabeth de Zuylen, daughter of Diederik-Jacob van Tuyll, through the preposterous letter written to her by James Boswell in 1764 and printed by Mr. Tinker in his recent edition of Boswell's letters. Boswell, it seems, had met the young lady in Holland, had been fascinated perhaps by her beauty and certainly by her wit, and when he began to think about her had not known what to think. He went on to Berlin and wrote such a letter as a vain but gifted coxcomb would write when he felt forced to use his mind at last but did not know how. Condescension mingled with adoration, prudery with effrontery, and officiousness with affection to produce as ridiculous a missive as a woman could receive. Should he, could he, ask Zélide to be his wife? No and yes; and again no. He ended with some supremely foolish advice to go and be henceforth "rationally happy"; and we hear little more of Zélide until Boswell, back in Britain searching for a wife, suddenly remembers the lady of Zuylen and writes her that she may now have him; and gets a letter back which makes him ask his friend Temple if she is "not a termagant, or at least will she not be one by the time she is forty?" I was curious about Zélide, for I saw through the mist of her absurd lover a warm and brilliant woman. I could have gone to Sainte-Beuve or to the volumes by Philippe Godet. I waited; and I am rewarded with "The Portrait of Zélide" by Geoffrey Scott and "Four Tales by Zélide," translated by Sybil Scott (Scribner's; $3.75 each).

Zélide as we now have her is a discovery indeed. She is not merely, as Mr. Scott says in one of his many felicitous sentences, a woman "endowed by nature with a simple heart, a sensuous temperament, and a mind of amazing alacrity." She is not merely, as Mr. Scott almost too smoothly insists, the author of some tales which "fill a graceful if inconspicuous niche in the cold temple of eighteenth-century romance." She is a figure haunted by contradictions within and by disappointments without; and she is a writer of distinguished if minor proportions. Mr. Scott's "Portrait," while it already shows some of the tarnish which is gathering everywhere upon the silvered Temple of Strachey, beautifully gives us the character of this lively woman who, born by a freak of circumstances into the stupidest of aristocracies, deliberately married "a timid, phlegmatic, stammering, and mathematical man" and went to live in a world which she must have known would bore her even more. At Colombier, near Lausanne, "boredom became her muse." Relieved during two brief periods by love affairs with an unnamed person of Geneva and with Benjamin Constant, this boredom grew and flowered and inspired both the satire and the sentiment in her books—the books of a woman who could never decide between the simplicity which she had inherited and the wit which she had achieved. The "Four Tales" must speak for themselves. But they place Madame de Charrière, I think, in a safe place between Miss Austen and Madame de Staël.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Mystery of Poe

Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

STRANGE though it may seem, this is the first book on Poe that offers anything approaching a rational and convincing account of him. His critics in the past, almost unanimously, have been diverted from the business by the fascinating phenomenon of his drunkenness. To some it has been a sinister external force, like smallpox or jury duty, dissuading him from his high concerns, and so crippling his genius. To others it has been the mainspring of his life, and proof sufficient of his unfitness to be admired by Christian men and women. Mr. Krutch, following a somewhat faint lead by Dr. John W. Robinson, puts it finally into its proper place. Poe was a drunkard intermittently and by orgy, as he was a bounder intermittently and by orgy. The habit was a symptom, not a cause, and even as a symptom it was trivial, though it brought him to the grave. Strapped to the water-wagon, with a ton of Bibles to hold him down, he would have been precisely the same Poe. He came into the world bearing bizarre stigmata, and the Weird Sisters fanned him in the cradle. The visible universe scarcely touched him. He inhabited a universe of his own, with red glares lighting it, implacable clouds hedging it round, and preposterous fauna roving its evil groves. He was, in his way, a patriotic citizen of it—what might be called a 100 per cent Fantastic. He delighted in its occult sins, its drug-store smells. But there were times, too, when he longed pathetically to get out of it, and now and then these longings took the form of overt flights. But always he was turned back. Always the world of fact rebuffed and terrified him, and he returned anew to his world of charnel-house dreams.

Mr. Krutch's study of him is full of shrewd observation and plausible speculation. The ordinary tests of literary criticism, of course, are not to be applied to Poe. He was *sui generis*—or he was simply a poor mountebank, and not worth studying. Mr. Krutch finds, however, that psychology can

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account for him. His complexes were genuinely complex, but nevertheless they fit into the categories. More, they flow naturally out of the circumstances of his unstable youth: the dreadful death of his mother, his equivocal and painful position in the house of the Allans, his humiliating difficulties at the University of Virginia, his service as a common soldier, his abject poverty. All of his early life was a struggle against inferiorities. He saw himself as one distinguished and superior; the reality brought him very near to the gutter. Mr. Krutch believes that even his first literary enterprises were no more than parts of his general flight mechanism. He turned to the pen as to a sort of surrogate for the lost sword of the Virginia cavalier, snatched from his hand by Allan. He would show the cock-eyed world! And when genius alone failed to amaze it, he resorted readily to gaudy lying. Thus his grandfather, the lowly profiteer, became a hero of the Revolution. And thus he himself became a mysterious political agent in Russia, and a comrade of Byron in Greece.

It was his mother's death, penniless and among not too friendly strangers, that left the deepest mark upon him. It not only made him a fugitive from a too cruel world; it also made him incapable of ordinary human love. His marriage was so preposterous as to be almost pathological. Virginia Clemm was a child scarcely come to adolescence; moreover, she was next door to an idiot. Mr. Krutch believes that Poe married her as a device of safety. So long as she was there he was secure, to that extent, against other women. Her incapacity as wife did not daunt him. It was, indeed, her incapacity as wife that chiefly attracted him, for in women as sexual objects he took no interest. There is no hint of carnal love in any of his stories; he was a Parsifal if there ever was one on this earth. When, toward the end of his own life, Virginia died, his affairs of the heart at once took on a grotesque and impossible character. He engaged himself to several women at once, and most of them were fantastic blue-stockings, as devoid of sexual charm as so many lady embalmers. Women stirred him only when they were in decay, and even then they did not stir his hormones. His heroines all suffer from phagocytolysis, and he approaches them on his knees.

Mr. Krutch shows clearly how vain is the effort to detach Poe from his work, or his work from Poe. The man simply poured himself into his writings. They have only the remotest sort of contact with anything external to his own singular personality. They are full of the strange horrors that beset him; there is little in them else. The effort to pigeon-hole them, carried on for years by humorless professors, is manifestly vain. There was only one Poe, and the tragic turmoil within him was his beginning and his end. In certain moods all of us can understand him; in other moods even his fondest partisans must find him only absurd. The man wrote abominably. Some of his most celebrated stories are done in a Johnsonese that would have disgraced the late Mr. Harding. His criticism, for all its acumen, is couched mainly in bombast. His poetry is popular in proportion as it justifies Emerson's sneer: to wit, that it consists of jingles. But Poe himself remains. There is something titanic in his tragedy. It breaks through his ornate and rococo sentences; it overwhelms his nonsensical theories and idle pedantries; it gives an austere dignity to even his worst jingles. It will always bring a crowd to his booth—a crowd fascinated and yet a bit uneasy. There have been far greater artists, but there have been few more glamorous men.

Mr. Krutch has done a good job. His book is devoid of the snuffling that has marked all Poe criticism in the past. It shows a complete mastery of the known facts, and a fine capacity for getting order into them, and penetrating to their meaning. He has his moments of boldness. When the record is a blank, as it is only too often, he sometimes permits himself an ingenious guess. But there is no dogmatic theorizing in him; he never descends to the mere arguing of a case. His study, I believe, is the most intelligent and convincing account of Poe ever written.

H. L. MENCKEN

Senator Crane of Massachusetts

W. Murray Crane, A Man and a Brother. By Solomon Bulkley Griffin. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THIS is a revealing book about Senator Crane of Massachusetts by an intimate journalistic and personal friend. It has a great theme. Senator Crane was undoubtedly one of the most important statesmen in our recent history. Chauncey M. Depew, as quoted in this book, rightly called him the Senate's most influential member. It is therefore regrettable that Mr. Griffin does not give us a larger analysis of the immense national issues which Mr. Crane faced and a larger analysis also of the reasons why Mr. Crane adopted the policies which earned for him, in the estimation of the Left Wing of American politics, the "bad eminence" of being regarded as the blackest feather in the Right Wing.

The book, however, is delightfully local. It is primarily interested in Mr. Crane as a neighbor in Berkshire County. It dwells at some length on Mr. Crane's deep interest in Berkshire County's cemeteries. It charmingly shows us Mr. Crane, at the age of seventeen, sweeping the floors of his ancestral paper factory and sorting rags in its rag-room and pounding out pieces of paper on a wooden block with a mallet. It charmingly and even touchingly recounts Mr. Crane's innumerable subsequent benefactions, not only of money but also of time and of personal interest and friendliness, to his neighbors in Berkshire County. It totally demonstrates—all over again—the indubitable historic personal kindliness and tenderness of this acclaimed and attacked leader of the "black forces of reaction."

Then, by a certain exercise and stretch of Berkshire County imagination, the author gets as far as Boston and gives a really excellent account of Mr. Crane's administration of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts when he was its governor. Incidentally it may be noted that Mr. Griffin, in this part of his book, relates numerous occasions when Mr. Crane, as governor of Massachusetts, earnestly and successfully resisted certain legislative measures vehemently demanded by powerful Massachusetts financial interests. Here one thinks that Mr. Griffin will begin to develop some sort of reasoned rescue of Mr. Crane from the charge subsequently brought against him of being the senatorial agent of the whole country's financial interests. But not at all! As soon as Mr. Crane not only leaves Berkshire County but even leaves Massachusetts and goes actually to the District of Columbia Mr. Griffin's interest in the details and motives of his behavior notably dwindles. This book is authentically and magnificently English and New English. It thinks that the most important thing about a man is what he does in his own countryside. If he is all right there, he is presumably all right at the national capital; and so why bother too much about the details? He was a good man. Therefore we know he did the right thing.

In any case, so far as being good is concerned, there is absolutely no doubt that Mr. Crane was not only negatively so but also superlatively positively so. His enormous financial generosity would in itself prove nothing; but it was accompanied by an almost incredible expenditure of his valuable personal time and of his frail physical strength. To this reviewer's knowledge he would go over three times a week from Washington to Baltimore, in the very midst of the most harassing political anxieties, to see somebody who was ill in a hospital; and once, when a poor man was killed in a street-car accident and when Mr. Crane did not know either the man or his widow but nobody wanted to break the news to the widow, Mr. Crane, the leader of the United States Senate, went out and did it.

But what was his political and economic philosophy? What were the reasons, what were the arguments, for it? On that point the book sheds no light.

Nevertheless it has one great political value. It does shed light on the present President of the United States. Mr.

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Coolidge admittedly was prize boy in the Murray Crane Massachusetts political school. He was prefect in the sixth form and then he was the school's most successful and distinguished graduate. Mr. Griffin shows that Murray Crane still lives in the character of his most reverent pupil. In the foreword Mr. Coolidge states that Mr. Crane was "in each instance better equipped than anyone else to formulate plans which would meet the acceptance of the majority. . . . He had a broader comprehension of American life, reaching from the humblest fireside through all the various activities of the business and political world, than any other man of his time."

So what were Mr. Crane's outstanding practical political ideas? The first was governmental economy. Mr. Crane made it his main issue as governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Coolidge made it his main issue as President of the United States. The second was silence. Mr. Crane virtually never made any speeches or even any motions in the Senate. He simply flitted from side to side of the Senate central aisle and ultimately had his way. Mr. Coolidge has departed a bit from this example and maxim, but nevertheless a large part of his original claim to public favor was that he was "Silent Cal." The third and greatest outstanding political characteristic of Mr. Crane's was that he intensely favored the League of Nations. Mr. Coolidge has already taken us into the League Court. Watch now for Mr. Coolidge's final consummation of this most vital chapter in Mr. Crane's teachings!

In conclusion, it is to be noted that the book is in one more respect most thoroughly English and New English. It admirably and most entertainingly abounds in descriptions of Mr. Crane's outward personal behavior. It does no psychoanalysis of Mr. Crane. It never strips one veil away from Mr. Crane's soul. That was Mr. Crane's affair. For this relief, Mr. Griffin, much thanks. But do write another book which, besides giving us Mr. Crane's personal endearing activities, will give us more largely Mr. Crane's national political times.

WILLIAM HARD

The World Well Lost?

The Plumed Serpent. By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine. By D. H. Lawrence. Centaur Press. $4.

THE world has been too much for D. H. Lawrence, and so he has left the world and gone through a fog in search of the dark gods. He sees mankind more and more like a nest of scorpions devouring one another in a horrid industry. No matter where he goes he finds neither god nor man, but only preying insects. Democracy and modern education creep like a slime toward the farthest rim of the sky, and perhaps only in savage peoples and mystics does Mr. Lawrence discover the pure flame of life burning like a star in a dark gulf. In "Kangaroo" he went shuddering through the dusty warrens of Australian democracy, and now, in "The Plumed Serpent," he stands limed in the ooze of decadence and tyranny enveloping modern Mexico. He must do something to keep himself from going mad; and so he has the nobler Mexicans and the Indians set up a new worship of Quetzalcoatl, and find refuge and a valiant life in a religion compounded of mysticism and a direct appeal to arms.

When any novelist casts out the world he casts out likewise his passion for men and women just as men and women. His characters lose all aspect of a common humanity and take on the monstrous contours of saviors and demons. The novel sheds flesh and blood and is nailed down like the frame of a prophecy on a rack where the novelist lies shrieking. Words hover in a golden cloud and dim shapes pretend to be men and women acting from their own nature, but all the while you hear the voice of the prophet, from whose body his characters float like wraiths charged with a voice not their own but lent them for a planned purpose. For many years H. G. Wells has been putting on false faces and pretending to invent new characters. For his latest books D. H. Lawrence has worn disguises so thin that not even the supposed characters seem at all convinced of their own reality.

Who can ever forget Gudrun and Ursula in "The Rainbow" and "Women in Love," or the girl in "A Fragment of Stained Glass," or Hannele in "The Captain's Doll," or George in "The White Peacock"? By the same token who cares anything whatever about the men and women in "Kangaroo" and "The Plumed Serpent"? An author is most truly himself by being his characters; but when his characters are not themselves by being the author you will exclaim at the gorgeous style and the astounding eloquence and the persuasive doctrine, but you do not care what happens to anyone. In any other case it might not matter in the least. In the case of Mr. Lawrence it matters as much as if Wagner had kept on writing metaphysics instead of writing "Götterdämmerung," and Lewis Carroll had rejected the Mad Hatter for a surd.

There can be no denying that in both "The Plumed Serpent" and the essays bound together in "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine" Mr. Lawrence writes and talks like a god. There are passages of miraculous wonder and words like arrows tipped with light borrowed from the sun. He has all his old infallible and inexhaustible knowledge of woman's nature and his Indians bear all the fascination of an alien life perfectly understood. It is just because there is no Lawrence but Lawrence that many of us hate his missionary zeal and his metaphysical divinations even where we most agree with his hate of the festering ooze. Once he had a magic wand that struck living waters from the rock of the soul whose true nature lies hid in an inner darkness shielded by the basalt covering of conscious knowledge. Now the divining-rod in "Aaron's Rod" is too often used in beating scorpions and measuring the limitations of society. It is too bad that some invincible need stops Mr. Lawrence from the practice so intelligently expounded in his essay on the novel. He is a sorcerer of the first order. He has no business binding himself over as an apprentice to a prophet.

Why did Mr. Lawrence find it necessary to read so many books on the subconscious and (it is suggested in all respect) why did he get himself so firmly married? He did all his best work before he went in heavily for studying philosophies and letting science tell him in just what exact way he had explained the subliminal. It has made him too self-conscious, and his present desire to slay the dragon of the world has likewise put the self-conscious in place of the subconscious. No one forced Dostoevski to hang himself before he created the character of Stavrogin, who hangs himself; and why has Mr. Lawrence got to know so clearly just what he is about? I defy him to tell me what he was about in "A Fragment of Stained Glass" and "The Thorn in the Flesh," except to create a masterpiece contained in its own being. It may be added that his marriage, too, has made him dreadfully self-conscious about marriage and led him into tedious reptilian lectures like the chapter on marriage in "Kangaroo" and the wives in "Kangaroo" and "The Plumed Serpent" who have no reason for living in the same world with Ursula and Gudrun.

No amount of advice can save any artist from his own nature. No one can come hurrying like a bright Perseus to rescue Andromeda from the dragon. An artist is bound to his own nature like a man tied to a rock. If you tear and break the rock you destroy the man whose brain and heart have grown from the rock. Writers like Mr. Wells and Mr. Lawrence must follow the course prescribed by an inner necessity. There is not much use, after all, in standing off like small boys and throwing pebbles at the dragon because we don't like his fifth or twenty-fifth skin. A peddler of fiction can wear the colors of the chameleon and do tricks; but a chameleon isn't a dragon. The crooked roads which cannot be made straight are the roads of genius.

DONALD DOUGLAS

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W. T. Stead

The Life and Letters of W. T. Stead. By Frederic Whyte. Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $12.

H. WICKHAM STEED, the present editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has received, he tells us, more than one suggestion from "hard-headed" business men that it would be of advantage to that magazine if the words "Founded by W. T. Stead" were deleted from its title-page. "Hard-headed" business men indeed! "Wooden-headed" is surely the epithet that would suit them most precisely. As well might *The Nation* blush to recall the name of Godkin. For the mere memory of Stead's association with it is enough to confer upon any enterprise a rare and perpetual distinction. But this stupid self-exposure of the commercial mind shows how desirable it was that there should be no longer any delay in the preparation of an adequate account of Stead's career. Mr. Whyte has grappled with a big task and has achieved it successfully. Henceforth there will be no excuse for any one to lift a superior nose at the mention of the greatest English journalist of his time.

When Lord Northcliffe died, many of the obituary notices spoke of him as the pioneer of the New Journalism. That description might be more justly applied to W. T. Stead, in so far, at any rate, as the new journalism was an improvement on the old. Long before Alfred Harmsworth came to Fleet Street Stead had emancipated the London press from its stodginess and conventionality and infused into it a vitality that it had hitherto lacked. At the same time there was a conspicuous difference between his journalism and the Northcliffe type. Not a year passed without his accomplishing many "stunts" that set everybody talking. But Stead never attempted a stunt for the stunt's sake. His stunts were all crusades. They were inspired not by any eagerness for an increase in circulation and consequently in advertising revenue but by an utterly unworldly passion for the achievement of some end which was to promote the welfare of his fellow-men. As he once put it himself, his purpose was to give a "soul" to sensational journalism. After all, Stead was not primarily a journalist in the ordinary sense. Essentially he was a preacher, and he became a journalist simply because the newspaper, rather than the pulpit of any church, offered him in these days the best opportunity of spreading his message. Behind his denunciations and appeals there was an unspoken "Thus saith the Lord." Whenever I wish to envisage to myself a Hebrew prophet, I can do so more clearly by means of my recollections of Stead than by looking at Abbey's mural paintings in the Boston Library.

One had hardly realized how numerous and varied were these crusades of Stead's until the story of them came to be told consecutively in these volumes. So many-sided were his enthusiasms that readers of narrower interests will be apt to think Mr. Whyte has paid insufficient attention to the particular phase of Stead's career that happened to attract their own sympathies. To those who were in the thick of that controversy thirty-two pages, for instance, might seem a meager allowance for an account of his campaign against the iniquity and folly of the Transvaal War. The fact is that it would need an encyclopedia rather than a biography to do justice to the record of a man who was in vital touch with so many altruistic projects in all parts of the world. Mr. Whyte has to content himself with a bare mention of Stead's labors in some causes which, in the case of most biographies, would have provided material for whole chapters or sections—his efforts on behalf of postal reform, his support of the progressives in London municipal politics, his frustrated endeavors to found a "Civic Church," and so on. There were also enterprises of his, outside journalism proper, which were of such value and importance that they would have sufficed to make a name for most men, but which appear so slight in comparison with Stead's main services to his generation that they are almost forgotten. He was the most powerful pamphleteer since Defoe. And who can estimate the contribution he made to the popularizing of the best literature by the issue of more than five million copies of his "Penny Poets"? Yet this was a mere by-product of his constant activity, and hardly comes to one's mind when one recalls his career. Few people, again, ever think of Stead as a public speaker. Although he had chosen to express himself through the newspaper and the magazine, there were occasions when —being a crusader first of all and only secondarily a newspaper man—he readily availed himself of the opportunities offered him by the platform. Mr. Whyte quotes a page or two of the impressions left by him on some of his hearers, but he might have said much more on this point. Actually there were not half a dozen of his contemporaries, even among those whose reputation rested mainly on their eloquence, whose addresses would so well satisfy the tests of effective oratory.

Measured by actual achievement, no journalist in the history of the British press has left behind him a record to equal W. T. Stead's. Yet it was his personality—his alertness, his unselfishness, his courage, his tenderness—of which one thinks first and foremost today. And most of those who knew him will agree with the conclusion of his biographer: "My own impression is that Stead will be remembered rather for what he was than for any of the things he did: that he will figure in history as the bravest and most brilliant of all English journalists and as perhaps the most extraordinary man ever seen in Fleet Street." HERBERT W. HORWILL

Experimentalist Christianity

The Religion of Yesterday and Tomorrow. By Kirsopp Lake. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

MODERNISM in America has laid itself open to the charge of unduly befogging questions of great moment. For instance, What is the relation of the modernist to the creeds and customs of the church? How far can reinterpretation be carried with intellectual integrity? In what sense does the advanced religious liberal justify his claim to be a Christian? In the book before us Professor Lake faces these problems in candid and brilliant fashion.

His fundamental contention is that "continuity, not consistency, makes it [Christianity] one and the same, and continuity means neither invariable thought nor identical experience but men's unbroken consent to live and work together. . . . Christianity has changed more than most religions because it has had a higher and intenser vitality." These changes Mr. Lake reviews rapidly with sympathetic insight into the values of various shapes or forms of Christianity. He then makes an illuminating classification of Protestants, not into fundamentalists and modernists but into fundamentalists, institutionalists, and experimentalists. The fundamentalist holds fast to the infallible inspiration of the Scriptures and—usually—to the creeds. "At his best he is an enthusiast, at his worst, an ignoramus." The institutionalist is interested less in thought than in the institution; he endeavors to reduce to a minimum the amount of "opinion" that must be accepted, and he seeks to use the old language to express new meanings. "At his worst he is an ecclesiastical huckster, and he is never a prophet; . . . at his best he is a statesman who understands the minds of men and a priest who has looked deep into their souls."

The experimentalist adopts the position "familiar to the scientist, that experiment is the basis of knowledge." Two great experiments in life are the basis of religion. The first is made "when a man is conscious that there is a purpose in life of which he is only a part but with which he can cooperate if he choose, *and he does choose.*" The second is made

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"when a man is conscious that there is a source of life which imparts help to him when he is weak, comfort when he is in sorrow, and purification when he has sinned. . . . For the Western world the natural laboratories for religion are the Christian churches." The experimentalist at his worst "is a sentimentalist, slack in conduct and inaccurate in thought; at his best he is a prophet."

As an experimentalist believing that the religion of the future lies with experimentalism, Professor Lake considers the probable attitude of experimentalism toward the Bible and the creeds, God and prayer, Jesus and the church. The Bible is valuable as a record of religious discovery, not of inspiration. The creeds may be retained "as part of an uplifting and inspiring liturgy" but must be abandoned "as statements of thought." (Just why categorical statements of fact or opinion which Professor Lake utterly rejects are liturgically valuable remains to this reviewer a mystery not helped by Mr. Lake's comparison of them to a great cathedral.) The experimentalist regards Jesus as a great but not a perfect figure. He does not pretend to follow Him closely, but he thinks "the path which he treads and the light which he sees would not be disowned by Jesus." Prayer as petition must be rejected in a world of law; as "communion and aspiration" it has its place. Truth, beauty, and wisdom are real; they are values, and "God is all the values taken together." He—or It—is also Purpose—an assumption which Professor Lake does not attempt to prove and which, unlike the apprehension of truth or beauty, the mystic does not usually claim to establish by his own processes.

The future church will be stripped of many of its present tasks and aims. It will help men to see "the glory of truth and the splendor of beauty." It will "afford a center toward which mystics may turn." Professor Lake admits that between such a conception of Christianity and fundamentalism there can be no compromise, but elsewhere he says that if he were omnipotent he "should not attempt to expel either the fundamentalists or the institutionalists." (On his own showing he gives the fundamentalists little reason for not expelling him.)

With all its humor, insight, and feeling—qualities to which this summary does scant justice—one may doubt whether the book will convince many Christians that they ought to be experimentalists or many experimentalists that they ought to stay within the Christian church, where certainly they are not generally welcomed. Experimentalists, in Professor Lake's sense, may with almost equal logic have a Jewish, Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, or even a Moslem background. Why, then, maintain the Christian emphasis? As a matter of fact, how many people want their religion to be experimental rather than authoritarian? Most men want from religion comfort and assurance. Not many of them are capable of finding either in Professor Lake's combination of Christian aesthetics, semi-Platonic philosophy, and modern science unbuttressed by any "Thus saith the Lord." Yet he has done us all—and not least the various groups of modernists—a great service by this absorbingly interesting discussion of the eternal problem of religion. And to those who share his point of view he has given a brilliant philosophic defense which they must welcome.

NORMAN THOMAS

Books in Brief

Expansionists of 1812. By Julius W. Pratt. The Macmillan Company. $2.

This is another contribution to the history of the American frontier, devoted to showing that the War of 1812, instead of being waged, as the "older historians" have commonly urged, to redress the grievances of the seaboard States over British depredations upon their commerce, was rather a war of expansion in which frontier sentiment was the driving force. Professor Pratt's examination of political opinion in the various States, from New Hampshire to Georgia, convinces him that

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all the States were eager to extend the national boundaries at the expense of either Great Britain or Spain, and he cites Jefferson's optimistic view of the ease with which Canada might be conquered as significant of the state of the public mind. The thesis is well documented.

The Employment of Young Persons in the United States. New York: National Industrial Conference Board. $1.50.

This is a well-organized and fairly comprehensive summary of data derived from the U. S. Census of Occupations and various surveys of employed children. The data are neither new nor original, but in some mysterious way their publication by the N. I. C. B. gives them authenticity—for certain purposes. What we need more than facts and figures about child employment is a better idea of child labor. Child employment and child labor may coincide in many respects and in many instances, but they are two separate categories. We should start with the child, his nature and needs. An approach solely from the occupational side involves the practically endless task of classifying all the variable jobs and occupations in which children engage; regards the job or occupation as the only determining factor in child labor, thus ignoring individual differences in children; and assumes that an obviously harmful effect must be found before child labor is predicated.

Endimion and Phoebe. Ideas Latmus. By Michael Drayton. Edited by J. William Hebel. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

A beautiful edition of a poem which is not to be found in any collected edition of Drayton and which has never been accessible to the ordinary reader. Amy Lowell discusses it at some length as a possible source for Keats; her deductions may now be tested with pleasure and ease.

Art

Marc Chagall

DEVOUT Hegelians who firmly believe that all things dreamt and undreamt of in philosophy develop under the aegis of the dialectic trinity—thesis, antithesis, synthesis—should find great comfort in the career of Marc Chagall, for it corroborates this belief with curious exactitude. Chagall passed from sentimental imaginative realism (Vitebsk, before 1910) through a frenzied and fantastic expressionism (Paris, 1910-1914) to a modified combination of both (Vitebsk and Moscow, 1914-1922).

Chagall's quaint autobiographic notes speak with pious eloquence of the early years he passed in provincial Vitebsk eagerly watching the mixed population of peasant and peddler, merchant and mendicant trudge along from store to teashop, barber-shop, church, or synagogue. Chagall began with a simple portrayal of his immediate environment (Birth, Wedding, Death). A certain native sense of the grotesque made its appearance occasionally, but was kept well under restraint.

All restraint was discarded with Chagall's arrival in Paris (1910). The subdued grays, browns, and dull blues of his early period gave way to a riot of spectral colors clothing a phantasmagoria in which the laws of the physical world were abolished and normal logic had no place. Animals, men, and objects were dissected, made transparent, turned topsyturvy, and sent flying about (The Village and I, The Cattle Dealer, The Drunken Soldier). This was Chagall's peculiar reaction to cubism, then in its prime. Like the cubists, Chagall dissected objects—not, however, to arrive at abstraction, but rather to reach greater concreteness, to single out certain details for special emphasis. Chagall has never lost contact with the physical world, although the mirror which he holds up to nature has properties that make all reflection extremely weird.

In 1914 Chagall made arrangements for exhibitions in Holland and Germany and took what he intended to be a short trip to Russia. The war kept him there until 1922. During

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this period, while his paintings abroad were gaining him European fame, he worked on a new series of paintings which showed again a decided transformation. In them was united the reverence of his Vitebsk years with the sophistication gained in Paris (The Jew at Prayer, Above Vitebsk, The Green Jew). To be sure some extravagances still persisted—Chagall could not organically resist them—but their symbolism was now more easily comprehensible. In 1922 Chagall came to Berlin, and in 1923 to Paris, where he is living still. His most recent exhibition was held at the Reinhardt Galleries, New York.

An analysis of Chagall's entire work shows that, contrary to common practice among modernists who stress the formal at the expense of the thematic aspect of their work, Chagall gives equal attention to both. Two formative influences are directly responsible for this practice: Vitebsk and Paris. Vitebsk circumscribed the scope of his talent and served as the source of its themes; Paris gave it direction and determined its amplitude. Chagall's paintings are autobiographic. In the aggregate they form a sort of synoptic panorama of his experiences in which the shift between the real and the symbolic is bewilderingly sudden. Despite a cosmopolitan gloss the provincial anecdotist is always in evidence, in love with bright color and spicy anecdote. His paintings invariably tell a story which while always engaging is not always clear. One day some ambitious Freudian, applying to Chagall's work the method employed by Freud himself in "Leonardo da Vinci," will doubtless track many a complex to its lair. In the meantime Chagall's pictorial qualities alone are sufficient to insure a thorough enjoyment of his work. His color is used chiefly not as an aid in the representation of form but as a means in the evocation of its charm. Greater attention is paid to the interrelation of colors among themselves than to their correspondence to nature, making thus possible a great enrichment in the quality of the medium. Upon a closer acquaintance with Chagall's work, his weird antics, instead of puzzling, only enhance the charm of a fascinating story told with superb skill.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

Drama

Hard Facts

BEHIND Mr. John Howard Lawson's new play, "Nirvana" (Greenwich Village Theater), as behind so many modern expressions of discontent, lies the commonplace fact that the intellect of man adjusts itself much more readily than do his emotions to all the changes which go on in the world he inhabits. Science, if it has not created a new world, has at least destroyed the old, and to many at least it seems that we do nothing except wander, emotionally, among the ruins. Mentally it may not be difficult to grasp the fact that God is dead and that with Him has passed away a whole universe of emotional realities, but the Soul—and the very necessity for employing this word is a sufficient indication of the inadequacy of our adjustment to a godless universe—demands without being able to find something satisfactory to herself in the meaningless world of which science describes the disjointed fragments. The mind leaps, and leaps perhaps with a sort of joy, through the immensities of space, but the spirit, frightened and cold in the vast emptiness, longs to have once more above its head that inverted bowl beyond which may lie whatever paradise its desires create; and in this fact is to be found a type of the agonies which afflict it. Man *qua* thinker may delight in the intricacies of psychology, but man *qua* lover has, at least, not learned to feel in its terms. Hormones and complexes, ductless glands and infantile impressions may serve to describe the feelings of another, but one's own demand all those symbols of the ineffable in which one has long ago ceased to believe.

Time was when the scientist, the poet, and the philosopher walked hand in hand. In the universe which the one perceived the other found himself comfortably at home, and there in fact rather than in any absence of conflict between the dogmas of religion and the conclusions of science lay the significance of the so-called synthesis achieved in other ages. But today when new facts pour in more rapidly than any mind can arrange them into a pattern men are obliged to live in realms between which no communication can be established. When the physician in his laboratory, "doing card tricks with God's creation," has found the solution of his problem at the end of a dissected nerve he has done no more than exasperate with another indigestible fact the artist who is exploring the realm of emotional realities. And the scientist in every man is equally at odds with the poet who is also a part of him. To the doctor who asks as the doctor in Mr. Lawson's play does: "Why all this pother about sex; the act is no more important than shaking hands and generally a good deal less cordial?" he can give no wholly satisfactory reply, but the fact is no help to that side of him which demands that the act in question be surrounded with spiritual significance. Compelled to feel and yet unable to respect his feelings, he mocks and he suffers.

No American writer has expressed more forcefully than Mr. Lawson this mood which furnishes the common background of writers as diverse as Eliot, Huxley, and Joyce in Great Britain, and in the first act of his new play he defines with admirable vividness the problem which gives it birth. Into the laboratory of a physician engaged in the pursuit of physiological verities comes his novelist brother and with him are introduced all the human irrationalities of behavior whose very existence the scientist would prefer to deny and which, at best, he can only regard with an irritated disgust. The hard facts of his physiology are confronted by the equally hard facts of emotion, and in the conflict which arises the lives of a whole group of people are wrecked. Only the Roman Catholic nurse, blind and deaf to all facts which cannot be fitted comfortably into her universe, is safe; for the rest perish spiritually from a recognition of their own inadequacy. Incapable of really believing in the dignity and importance of love, of God, or of ambition, they cannot live without such belief, and they are destroyed by the needs for which a meaningless universe promises no satisfaction.

But if Mr. Lawson's strength consists in the intellectual keenness with which he perceives the problem, his weakness lies in his eagerness to find a solution. Unable to endure the discord, unwilling to admit that time alone can make the adjustment, he stands perilously upon the verge of those modern pseudo-religions of which Christian Science is the type and which promise a peaceful hypnotic slumber to those who are willing to repeat often enough the meaningless words of a formula. His first act seems to promise a play clearer and more forceful than "Processional," his second begins merely to mark time, and his third goes completely to pieces. Up to that point there had been nothing that was not intellectually clear and intellectually honest, but the strain has told and his grasp relaxed. Now in the midst of some hocus-pocus about an "electro-magnetic Christ" a dead woman rises for a moment from her couch, and thus is provided an ending to a play which has, so far as our day is concerned, no end. Mr. Lawson has succumbed, himself a victim of one of the tricks of the mind which he should be analyzing, and one leaves the theater with a sense of keen disappointment. A great play has slipped through the author's grasp.

Mr. Augustus Thomas's comedy "Still Waters" (Forest Theater) suffers from no similar uncertainty of intention. A satire upon prohibition whose point one is given no opportunity to miss, it has its frequent amusing moments and it is as convincing as a thesis comedy of the sort can be—which means, by the way, that those who are convinced already will find it very convincing, while those on the other side of the fence will not be much impressed.

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International Relations Section

Bombing Villages: A British Army Report

THE use of bombing planes in military operations against hostile groups of natives has long been a feature of British imperial policy. The report of General Sir Claud Jacob, British commander-in-chief in India, from which the following passages are taken, indicates the extent and success of this method. The report was printed as a supplement to the London *Gazette* of November 17, 1925:

1. I have the honor to submit herewith for the information of the Government of India an account of the recent operations by the Royal Air Force against certain recalcitrant sections of the Mahsuds in March, April, and May, 1925.

2. In submitting the report I wish to bring to notice the excellent work performed by all ranks engaged in these operations. This is the first occasion on which the Royal Air Force in India has carried out an operation of this magnitude, and in view of the great difficulty of terrain and the unsuitability of the targets engaged, both of which are clearly set forth in Sir Edward Ellington's report, it is obvious that the results obtained were most satisfactory.

3. While, as the Air Officer Commanding points out, it is too early to judge what the permanent effect of the operations will be, we can say with confidence that threats of air action will be more effective in the future than they have been up to the present.

4. Satisfactory though the results of these operations have been, I am of opinion that a combination of land and air action would have brought about the desired result in a shorter space of time, and next time action has to be taken I trust that it will be possible to employ the two forces in combination. That they were not so employed this time was due to our desire to give the Royal Air Force the opportunity they have long wished for of testing the effectiveness of their unsupported action.

FROM AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR EDWARD ELLINGTON, K.C.C., C.M.G., C.B.E., COMMANDING ROYAL AIR FORCE IN INDIA, TO HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL SIR CLAUD WILLIAM JACOB, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA, DATED JUNE 23, 1925.

I have the honor to submit herewith a report on the Royal Air Force operations in Waziristan for the period March 9, 1925, to May 1, 1925:

1. *Events Prior to the Operations.* The Mahsuds have always been a source of trouble to the Government of India, mainly by reason of the inaccessibility of their country. Prior to 1919 this country had not been visited since 1902, when full submission was exacted. The situation had remained normal until the outbreak of the third Afghan war in 1919, when our retirements from the Tochi and Wana produced serious consequences, over 100 raids and offenses being registered against the Mahsuds during this period. In consequence it was necessary to undertake military operations against all the Mahsud tribes. These operations with varying intensity lasted throughout 1919, 1922, and the beginning of 1923, and resulted in a settlement with the majority of the tribes. No complete settlement, however, was effected with the Abdur Rahman Khel.

2. The Abdur Rahman Khel, therefore, was the chief section against whom the Royal Air Force operations were directed. They are a section of the Nana Khel Bahlolzai and contain many hostile elements who are naturally not included in the list of recipients of allowances and Khassadars. Many of these hostiles, together with a number of "hamsayas," or dependents, of the Abdur Rahman Khel, own lands in Afghanistan, to which they migrate in the summer. On December 27 a full Bahlolzai jirga was held at Tank for obtaining reparation for offenses committed and for the exaction of promises to prevent further offenses. Following this jirga, a deputation of hostile Abdur Rahman Khel was interviewed on January 16. The deputation demanded an amnesty for past offenses, an increase of allowances to the tribe from Rs. 3,000-6,000 and their own admission to their tribal share. These demands were both dismissed. From now onward the Abdur Rahman Khel hostiles abetted by the Guri Khel, Maresai, and Faridai sections of the Manzai Mahsuds committed further offenses.

(*a*) On the night January 24-25 four Hindus were kidnapped from Manzai, followed on the night of February 1-2 by two more from the coolie camp at Spli Toi.

(*b*) On the night February 20-21 Gomal Post was raided by a gang containing members of the hostile sections already mentioned. Twenty-seven S. M. L. E. rifles belonging to the police were stolen and taken to the Spli Toi.

3. On December 16, 1924, the Resident, Waziristan, asked the Government of India to sanction the employment of air action against the recalcitrant sections. By the end of this month it appeared probable that operations would be necessary. . . . Jirgas from the friendly sections of the tribes concerned were seen, but despite demonstrations carried out by Royal Air Force units on November 30, 1924, February 7 and 24, 1925, outrages continued, and the hostile factions still tried to obtain impossible demands.

4. *Terms to Tribes.* On February 1 the Resident applied for permission to warn the Guri Khels that, unless terms to be stated were complied with, air action would be taken to enforce them. This request was granted, and following two further outrages the Government sanctioned, on February 25, the issue of a final warning to all the sections implicated. The terms given below were issued on March 5: a warning was also issued that long delay action bombs would be used, and the tribes were advised to remove the women and children from the danger zone should operations be begun. . . .

[Terms of settlement, including fines and the surrender of rifles and animals are here listed; the preparations for hostile action are described.]

14. *Area of the Operations.* The operations took place in southeast Waziristan. The area covered by them was some fifty to sixty square miles in extent, including about forty targets varying in height from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, the tops of the hills rising to 7,000 feet. These targets varied from the good-sized villages, vulnerable to bomb attacks, of the Faridai and Maresai, to the purely cave-dwellings of the Abdur Rahman Khel and the scattered huts and inclosures of the Guri Khel. Practically all the villages, however, possessed a protective cave system. All the tribes possessed some cattle; these were mostly driven into the caves during the day and watered and fed at night. . . .

16. *Tactics.* The tactical unit employed was a flight of three machines, bombing normally at a height of 3,000 feet over the target. The tactics employed may be roughly divided as follows: (*i*) Intensive air attack; (*ii*) air blockade; (*iii*) night bombing. Every effort was made to avoid routine in order to keep the tribes on the qui vive and in a constant state of uncertainty as to when and how they were going to be attacked.

17. *Intensive Air Attack.* Intensive air attack was carried out by a series of flight raids, the hours of daylight being divided into periods and the periods being allotted to squadrons in rotation. This form of attack was varied by concentrating more than one squadron on a selected target during a short period, and thus increasing the intensity of the attack. By varying the times and order of attack on targets, attempts were made to effect a surprise.

18. *Air Blockade.* Air blockade consisted in sending ma-

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chines over the area at irregular intervals during the day to attack certain definite targets, or to bomb any targets which might present themselves. The object of this method was to harass the tribes continuously, to give them a general feeling of insecurity, uncertainty, and discomfort, and to prevent the pursuit of their normal activities. Continuous air patrols were also employed with the same object.

19. *Night Bombing.* Night bombing was carried out by individual machines by moonlight, either against definite targets which were seen, or on localities where it was desirable to maintain the blockade. Reconnaissance flares were used to assist the pilots in such work. No great material damage can be expected from this night bombing, but it prolongs the blockade into the night, and thus further disorganizes the normal life of the tribesmen.

20. *Variation in Tactics.* Certain variations of these tactics were introduced in order to keep the tribes in a state of uncertainty. For example:

(*a*) Desultory bombing was carried out for three days, followed by intensive attack for two days, the series being repeated with varying periods of attack.

(*b*) Orders were given to stop all raids at 3 p.m., in order to give the impression that attacks for the day had ceased. Heavy attacks were then launched just before dusk.

(*c*) The times of attack were continually varied, as were also the type of bombs dropped, the time of delay action fuse used, and the number of machines employed.

(*d*) The night bombers were ordered to attain their maximum height over the aerodrome and then to throttle down their engines and appear over the target as silently as possible.

(*e*) A sufficient reserve was always kept in hand to enable a heavy attack to be launched, should any suitable target, such as a concentration of tribesmen, be located. . . .

22. *Operations.* The operations opened on March 9, 1925, with attacks on all the sections concerned. . . . Several villages in Dre Algad were set on fire, a tower was demolished in the Spli Toi. On the 13th bombing operation ceased as various hostile sections had promised to comply with government demands. Nothing occurred, however, and action was begun again on March 14.

On March 15 the two captured Hindus were brought into Spli Toi Post, and on March 17 the whole hostile and friendly Abdur Rahman Khel jirga arrived at Jandola; operations against this section were in consequence again suspended. The Resident announced the terms to the hostiles, and an agreement was in sight when internal dissensions caused a breakdown of negotiations. Operations were resumed against the Abdur Rahman Khel and continued against the remainder. During the renewed operations some damage was caused to the caves. It was found at this time that various friendly villages were giving shelter to the hostile and their flocks; these villages were promptly warned by the Resident. . . .

Our action had by this time forced the majority of the hostile sections underground and completely upset their normal life. . . .

25. *Night Flying.* . . . The first flight was successfully carried out on the night of April 4 and produced a most excellent result. The tribesmen had hitherto considered themselves perfectly safe after dark, and the discovery that we could operate at night proved disconcerting. It was arranged, therefore, to reinforce this machine with two more from Ambala. . . . It was decided to launch a big offensive on April 4 immediately before the first night raid. . . .

26. On April 9 an afternoon patrol sighted a big collection of Faridai personnel moving up the Dre Algad. This exceptional target was at once engaged, and additional machines called for from Miramshah to drive home the attack. Considerable casualties had already been inflicted, when the weather, which had been threatening all day, broke completely, thus making it possibe to press home the attack on the only con-

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

in four issues has taken rank with the best serious magazines in the country, maintaining a standard of excellence that challenges the attention of thinking Americans. The April, 1926, number, out this week, contains: **These Things Doth the Lord Hate,** by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton, **The Holy Bottle,** by Joseph Warren Beach, **Spiritual Relativity and Education,** by Lindsey Blayney, **An Essay on Widows,** by Vincent Starrett, **An Irish Mystic,** by Dierdré O'Shea, **April Fire,** by Percy MacKaye, **Out of the Midst of Hatred,** by Amélie Rives, **The Young Man Poe,** by James Southall Wilson, **Cordóba,** by Waldo Frank, **The Conquest of Death,** by Edwin Björkman; poetry and discussions of books.

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centration of hostiles encountered in the open during the whole course of the operations.

27. *Extension of Areas.* As a result of information received, warnings were issued to the following "friendly villages" which were giving sanctuary to hostiles and their flocks: [List omitted.] About this time information was received that hostile families were sheltering in the Barwand area, and the Abdur Rahman Khel were likely to move to the Baddar Algad en route to Afghanistan. Permission to extend the operations to these areas was therefore asked for: this was received on April 20 for the Baddar area only. . . .

[Subsequent sections deal with settlements with certain of the tribes, including, finally, the Abdur Rahman Khel, all of whom, after several delays and further bombings, accepted the British terms. Even tribes not included in the area of operations are reported to have paid their back fines.]

35. *Duration of the Operations.* The operations themselves lasted for fifty-four days, and on forty-two of the first forty-five days bombing was carried out on some part of the area proclaimed. This, I believe, to have been the longest continuous operations carried out by aircraft since the end of the Great War. . . . There was only one fatal accident which was probably due to the machine being shot down. This was the only occasion where a machine or a man fell into the hands of the enemy, but I regret to say the accident caused the loss of the lives of two valuable pilots. However much the loss of two such good officers and gallant pilots as Flying Officers Dashwood and Hayter-Hames must be regretted, previous experience of frontier fighting shows that this is a small price to pay for enforcing our will on such hardy mountaineers as the tribes concerned, living in the difficult country of Waziristan. . . .

36. *Respites to the Enemy.* On several occasions during the operations bombing was stopped to enable jirgas to be assembled or property to be collected as security. . . . The disadvantages of such respites are obvious; they enable the enemy to recover from the strain which the bombing attacks inflict, they facilitate the removal of valuable property, they give the tribesmen the impression that our resolution is weakening, and provide opportunities for those who wish to do so to slip away out of reach of further attacks. . . . A respite is not always necessary, and whenever possible the operations should continue without check until the terms laid down at the beginning have been complied with, or adequate security for the fulfilment of the conditions given.

37. *Hostiles and Friendlies.* It is unnecessary to deal at length with the difficulties which are created for the air force by the division of the Mahsud tribes into hostile and so-called friendlies. All are agreed that such differentiation is undesirable, and that full tribal responsibility should be enforced. It is hoped that such a policy will prove practicable in future. . . .

39. *General.* This is the first occasion in India that the R.A.F. has been used independent of the army for dealing with a situation which has got beyond the resources of the political officers. It is at present too early to judge how lasting will be the effect or how permanent will be the impression of this display of air power on the stubborn tribesmen of the Northwest Frontier, but it is claimed that the operations prove that in the R.A.F. the Government of India have a weapon which is more economical in men and money and more merciful in its action than other forms of armed force for dealing with the majority of problems which arise beyond the administrative frontier. . . .

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Contributors to This Issue

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, is now in the Orient on his way around the world.

MARY HEATON VORSE is the author of "Men and Steel" and various other books.

FRANK R. KENT, the distinguished Washington correspondent, is a regular contributor to *The Nation*.

HENDRIK VAN LOON, author and illustrator of "The Story of Mankind," will be one of the speakers at the next *Nation* dinner.

HOBART S. BIRD is a New York lawyer who opposed the Van Sweringen merger before the Interstate Commerce Commission as representative of a group of stockholders in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, critic of plays and fiction for *The Nation*, has just written a critical study of Edgar Allan Poe.

H. L. MENCKEN is editor of the *American Mercury*, and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

WILLIAM HARD was Washington correspondent for *The Nation* from January, 1923, to April, 1925.

DONALD DOUGLAS wrote "The Grand Inquisitor."

HERBERT W. HORWILL was for many years London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* and *The Nation*.

NORMAN THOMAS is one of the directors of the League for Industrial Democracy, and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

LOUIS LOZOWICK is a New York artist. He made the illustrations for Robert Wolf's scenario "Loony" in *The Nation* for September 9.

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